BUCKY and TORO

IN

YOUNG ALLIES

NO. 6

JANUARY

10¢

TRADE MARK REG.
U.S. PAT. OFF.

The YOUNG ALLIES

STORY BY
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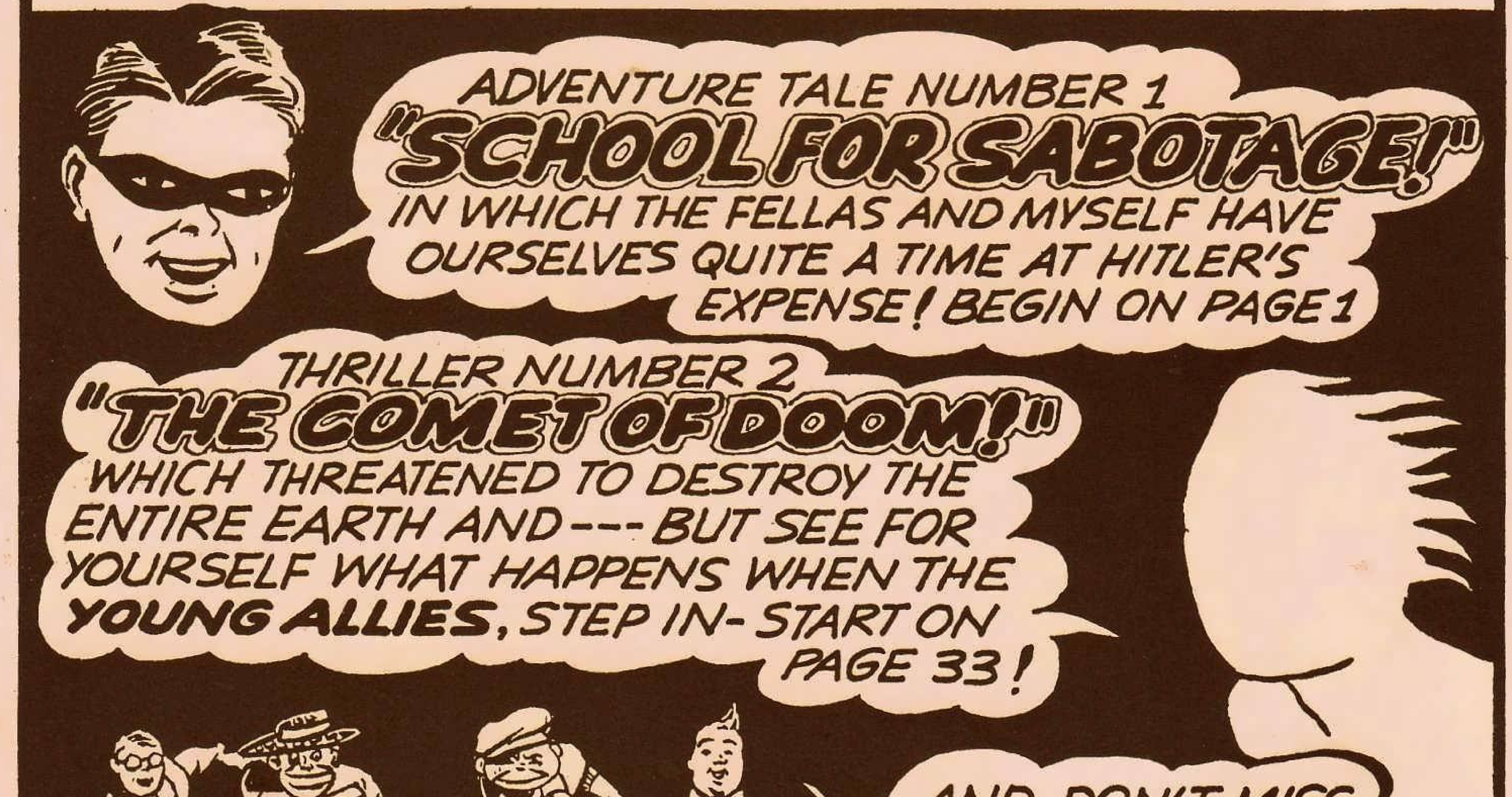
No.6


ADVENTURE TALE NUMBER 1 "SCHOOL FOR SABOTAGE!" IN WHICH THE FELLAS AND MYSELF HAVE OURSELVES QUITE A TIME AT HITLER'S EXPENSE! BEGIN ON PAGE 1
THRILLER NUMBER 2 "THE COMET OF DOOM!" WHICH THREATENED TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE EARTH AND --- BUT SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE YOUNG ALLIES, STEP IN- START ON PAGE 33!
AND DON'T MISS THE SPECIAL THRILL FEATURE WHICH BEGINS ON PAGE 59! YAHOO!

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YOUNG ALLIES
FOLLOW THE YOUNG ALLIES AS THEY UNDERTAKE ONE OF THE MOST DARING MISSIONS OF ALL TIME! YOU MAY TALK ABOUT BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN, BUT NOW READ HOW AMERICA'S DARE-DEVIL KIDS VISIT THE NAZIS IN A SIX-KID INVASION IN—
SCHOOL FOR SABOTAGE!
BOOM!
BOP!

OUR TALE OPENS SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND, WHERE WE FIND THE YOUNG ALLIES PLAYING A GAME OF "GUARD THE COAST-!"
NOW, TORO AND I WILL MAKE BELIEVE WE'RE TWO NAZIS AND WE'LL HIDE SOMEWHERE ON THE SEASHORE--THEN IT'LL BE UP TO YOU FELLAS TO FIND US!
SWELL!
DON'T FORGET, YOU KIDS ARE COAST GUARDSMEN AND GOTTA ACT BRAVE AND SMART-JUST LIKE REAL COAST GUARDSMEN!
C'MON, TORO, LET'S GET GOING! COUNT UP TO 50, FELLAS, THEN COME AFTER US!
10-20-30-40-50! LET'S GO!!
WAIT A MINUTE, KNUCKLES! NOT LIKE THAT! WE'VE GOT TO COUNT BY ONES!
--9-10 ?- HEY, I'VE ONLY GOT TEN FINGERS! HOW CAN AH COUNT UP TO FIFTY?
TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES! HO, HO!
--49-50! TIME'S UP! LET'S GET AFTER THEM!
YAHOO! WE'LL GIT DEM "NAZIS"!
DON'T SEE ANY TRACE OF 'EM!
HEY, FELLAS- LOOK OVER THERE!
AS THEY SEARCH FOR BUCKY AND TORO, THE LADS ARE AMAZED TO FIND...
TORO AND BUCKY DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO THE TROUBLE TO BRING ALONG A SUB! WE GOT SOME IMAGINATION!
HOLY SMOKE! A NAZI SUB!!
U-57
2

LET'S SNEAK UP AND INVESTIGATE!
IF YOU ALL DON' MIND, AH KIN DO ALL MAH INVESTIGATIN' FROM RIGHT HERE!
COME ON, WHITEWASH, DON'T FORGET YOU'RE A COASTGUARDSMAN!!
CAUTIOUSLY, THE BOYS STEAL UP TO THE SUB, WHEN SUDDENLY—
WE'VE GOT TO BE VERY QUIET NOW, AND-- HEY!
YEOW!
LOOKOUT, WHITEWASH-- YOU'LL--
U-57
SPLASH
OH, OH YOU DID!
DUCK, QUICK! SOMEONE'S COMING FROM THE SUB!
U-57
VOT MADE DOT SPLASH? ISS ANYONE HERE?
GURGLE!
U-57
ACH, IT MUST HAVE BEEN VON OF DOSE AMERICAN FLYING FISH! I DON'T SEE NODDINGS!
ALL CLEAR! NOW TO GET WHITEWASH OUTTA HERE!
GLOBBLE, GLOBBLE!
GULP! GLUB!
WHITEWASH! SPEAK TA ME!

TAKE IT EASY! YOU'LL BE OKAY!
YEAH- SAY, WOT'S DIS IN YER SHIRT!
OOOOOOH!
KNUCKLES TRIES TO SQUEEZE OUT THE OBJECT IN WHITEWASH'S SHIRT, AND-
OOF!
HA, HA, A FISH!
DAT FISH MUS' BE A BROTHER OF DE MILLION FISH I SWALLOWED- AH'LL NEBER EAT FISH AGAIN AS LONG AS AH LIVE!
SAY, KIDDING ASIDE, THERE ARE NAZIS IN THAT SUB, AND IT'S AN ENEMY SHIP! WE'D BETTER CALL BUCKY AND TORO!
U-57
NO NEED TO CALL US, JEFF! WE SAW THE SUB ALSO! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO CATCH THOSE NAZIS!
YEAH, WE'RE NOT PLAYIN' GAMES, NOW! THIS IS THE REAL THING!
LOOK, I HAVE A PLAN! TUBBY, YOU AND WHITEWASH RACE BACK AND GET THE COAST GUARD, WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF THE NAZIS! HURRY NOW!
OKAY, TORO, WE'LL GO RIGHT AWAY!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I'M NOT BUILT FOR TOO MUCH SPEED, YOU KNOW!
AH KNOWS IT, BUT TORO SAID "HURRY," AN' DAT'S WHAT AH'M DOIN'!
AS TORO TURNS ON HIS AMAZING FLAME AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR, THE YOUNG ALLIES EXECUTE THEIR PLAN OF ACTION!
GOOD LUCK, GUYS! LET'S GO.!!
YAHOO!
SPLASH!
SPLASH
HERE'S A GOOD ROCK TO TOSS!

ATTRACTED BY THE LOUD SPLASHES, THE NAZI SAILOR COMES ON DECK AGAIN-
ACH! MORE SPLASH! I SEE GOOT VOT IT ISS DISS TIME!
HIMMEL! HELP!!
COME TO PAPA, BABY!
VOT VOSS DOT?
VERE ISS SHULTZ?
U-57
BUT THE NAZI CAPTAIN ARRIVES ON DECK A MOMENT LATER, AND...
I ZOON PUT A STOP TO DIS!
AT THAT MOMENT, TORO GOES INTO ACTION!
AH, RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU, NAZIS! TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!
ACH DU LIEBER! BLACK MAGIC YET!
DON'T MISS NOW, KNUCKLES! DOSE GUYS PLAY FOR KEEPS!
U-57
PING!
OOOOOo

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE REMAINING YOUNG ALLIES RACE INTO THE SCENE..
WE-ALL PHONED THE COASTGUARD, AN' DEY'S ON THE WAY!
YEAH, AND THEY... **HEY**, WHAT GOES ON HERE?
THAT'S SWELL! WE'LL LEAVE OUR FRIENDS HERE FOR THE COASTGUARD, THEN... TORO, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
BUCKY, I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU!
IT'S A PITY TO LET SUCH A LOVELY LITTLE SUBMARINE GO TO WASTE, EH, FELLAS?
I GIT WHATCHA MEAN! OH, BOY! WE'LL TAKE OVER THE SUB OURSELVES!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! I'VE STUDIED SUBMARINE MECHANISMS! I'M SURE I COULD OPERATE THIS ONE!
U-57
AH DON' KNOW HOW AH ALWAYS GITS TALKED INTO DESE THINGS-BUT HERE AH GOES, AH GUESS!
THE NAZIS'VE BEEN SENDING SPIES OVER HERE TO SABOTAGE OUR COUNTRY!!
AND NOW, WE'LL TAKE A TRIP OVER THERE TO SABOTAGE THE SABOTEURS!
CLOSE HATCHES! AWAY WE GO!!
AH JUST KNOW AH'M GONNA GET SEASICK!!
AND SO THE YOUNG ALLIES PUT OUT TO SEA IN A NAZI SUB UPON ONE OF THE STRANGEST VOYAGES EVER MADE! ON TO NAZI GERMANY-
WE ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES
WE FIGHT TOGETHER
TO LICK BOTH CROOKS AND SPIES.
WE WON'T BE STOPPED
AND WE CAN'T BE STOPPED.
WE ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2.
INTO THE MONSTERS DEN!

BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE!
AH, YES! FAR FROM DE TROUBLES OF DE WOILD!
ISN'T THE OCEAN CALM AND PEACEFUL?
U 57
THIS HERE LAZY FEELIN' MUST BE MAKING ME SEE THINGS! AH COULD SWEAR AH SEES A NAZI BOAT OUT THEAH!
A NAZI BOAT?
OOOO-WAH!
GET BELOW! QUICK!
CLOSE DE HATCHES!
WHAT PEACE AND QUIET!
LOOK! ONE OF OUR SUBS!
IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ARE NONE SCHEDULED FOR THIS VICINITY! IT'S THE ENEMY!
I-I...FORGOT HOW TO CLOSE THE H-H-HATCHES!
DO SOMETHING! HURRY!
I'LL TURN THIS AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
LOOK! WE'RE STARTING TO SUBMERGE!
CRASH IT TO PIECES! HURRY!
U-57

GET THE TORPEDOS READY!
WE'LL BLAST 'EM TO KINGDOM COME!
FASTER! FASTER!
LOOK! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!
MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE SPEEDING SUB HAS GOTTEN A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE WARSHIP'S DEPTH CHARGES.. LIKE A SILENT FINGER OF DOOM, A TORPEDO STREAKS ON IT'S WAY TOWARD THE AXIS SHIP!
THERE IT GOES!
DONNER-VETTER!
BOOM!

BOY! OH BOY! WE DID IT! WE DID IT!
YAHOO! WE KNOCKED OFF A BATTLESHIP!
WE ALL AM HEROES!
HO! HUM! ALL DAT EXCITEMENT MUSTA KNOCKED ME OUT! I'M GETTIN' GROGGY!
ME, TOO!
WAKE ME UP IN TIME FOR TEA!
SOMETHING QUEER'S GOING ON! EVERYONE IS SLEEPY!
YEAH--- ZZZZZZZZ
OXYGEN GAUGE
NO WONDER! WE'RE OUT OF OXYGEN!
I C-C-CAN'T GET THE SHIP UP! FELLAS! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! HURRY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN', JEFF!
I'M TRYING TO OPEN THE ESCAPE HATCHES BEFORE WE ALL PERISH! THERE'S NO AIR LEFT!
NNNNNZZZ
A SUDDEN BURST OF FLAME FROM TORO, AND...
YOU'RE TAKIN' TOO LONG! LET'S DO IT MY WAY!
THAT'S THAT! NOW LET'S GET THEM INTO THE ESCAPE HATCHES, FAST!
GOOD WORK, TORO! B-B-BUT TRY'N HURRY! IT'S GETTIN' ME T-T-TOO!

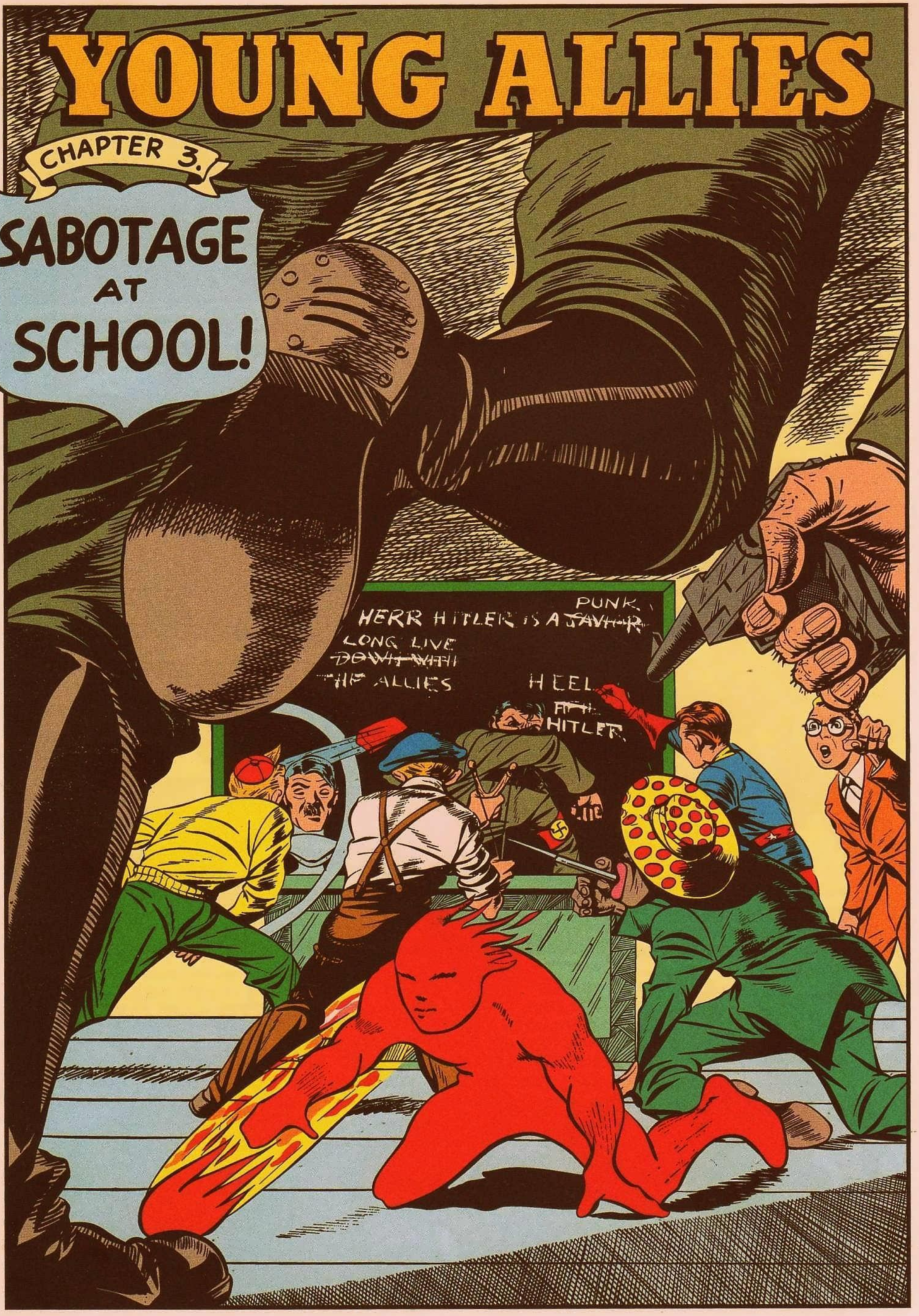
ONE BY ONE THE BOYS ARE SHOT OUT OF THE ESCAPE HATCHES!
BUCKY, YOU'LL BE THE LAST ONE IN HERE! HOW WILL YOU GET OUT?
DON'T WORRY, TORO! I'LL FIND A WAY! NOW GET INTO THAT HATCH!
U-57
I HOPE THEY MADE IT OKAY! NOW HERE I GO!
AFTER THE OTHERS ARE SAFELY OUT, BUCKY PUTS ON AN EMERGENCY MOMSEN LUNG AND THEN . . .
WELL, WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN!
YEAH! EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW!
SURE, EVERYTHING IS FINE! EXCEPT THAT WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA!
LOOK! WE'RE SAVED! THERE'S A SHIP! NOW EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY!
YES, BUT UNLESS I'M WRONG, IT'S A NAZI SHIP!
IF THINGS KEEP GETTIN' "OKAY" LIKE THIS, WE'LL SOON BE FINISHED!
HEY! VOT YOU KIDS DO HERE, HAH?
YOU CAME JUST IN TIME, MEIN CAPTAIN! ELSE DER FUEHRER WOULD HAVE LOST SIX LOYAL FOLLOWERS!
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A BIG GAMBLE, FELLAS!
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, GUYS!
FINGERS! I'VE GOT MY ARMS 'N LEGS MIXED UP TOO!

LATER, THE BOYS ARE DINED BY THE CAPTAIN...
YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, WE ARE SONS OF GERMANS LIVING IN AMERICA, AND WERE ON OUR WAY TO A BERLIN SABOTAGE SCHOOL WHEN OUR SHIP WAS TORPEDOED!
ACH! SO! I VILL SEE DOT YOU GOOT POYS GET TO BERLIN! YAH!
AFTER DINNER, THE CAPTAIN SHOWS THE YOUNG ALLIES AROUND THE SHIP...
UND DIS ISS OUR MUNITION ROOM!
HMMMM!
PROUD VE ARE OFF OUR SHIP, YAH?
WELL, LOOKA DIS! A TIME BOMB!
LATER THAT DAY....
L-L-LOOK! GERMANY!
YES! THE HOME OF THE MOST TERRIBLE ENEMY OF MANKIND THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!
SHHH- DE CAPTAIN MIGHT HEAR YA!
GOSH! WE AIN'T ENOUGH TO FIGHT DAT GANG! WE'LL GIT SPOTTED SURE!
HE'S RIGHT! WE'RE IN A MESS!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLOWS! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIGHT SPOT WE'VE BEEN IN!
NO- BUT IT'S THE TIGHTEST!
IT'S A SHAME TO LEAVE THIS SHIP IN SUCH A PERFECT CONDITION!
YEAH! WE SHOULDA SABOTAGED IT A LITTLE!
FELLAS, I'VE BEEN A BAAAAAD BOY!
REMEMBER DAT TIME BOMB I SPOTTED IN THE MUNITION ROOM? WELL, IT'S SET TO GO OFF AT NINE OCLOCK TO-NIGHT!
TSK! TSK!
WHEN THE SHIP DOCKS, THE LADS DISEMBARK!

YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER 3.

SABOTAGE AT SCHOOL!


HERR HITLER IS A ~~SAVIOR~~ PUNK.
LONG LIVE ~~DOWN WITH~~ THE ALLIES
HEEL ~~HEIL~~ HITLER

ZO! DER IT ISS! THE FAMOUS SCHOOL FOR SABOTAGE! YOU POYS SHALL BE PRIZE STUDENTS, I HOPE!
HO HO, HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!
HEY, GUYS, PIPE DE GOOSE-WALKIN' HALFPINT NAZIS!
HEP!
HEP!
HEP!
HEP!
AHEM... KNUCKLES, OL' MAN, SHOULD WE ALL TAKE A CHANCE?
WHY NOT, WASHY? WHAT KIN WE LOSE?
OOOH!
ACH! HIMMEL!
VIIIII!
VERY STRANGE ANTICS PY DOSE POYS! COME... I INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR TEACHER, YAH?
OH, YAH! YAH!
THOSE FELLOWS SEEMED SHOCKED AT SOMETHING! TSK, TSK!
AND SO THE YOUNG ALLIES MEET THE PROFESSOR OF DESTRUCTION AND SABOTAGE!
AH! DAS ISS GOOT! MORE BOYS FOR DER SCHOOL FOR SABOTAGE!
I AM PROFESSOR KRAUT!

EXPLAIN TO ME, PLEASE, HOW YOU ARE HERE!
WELL, WE'RE ALL SONS OF LOYAL GERMANS LIVING IN AMERICA, AND WE CAME HERE TO LEARN THE FINE ART OF SABOTAGE!
YAH! DOT ISS ALL VERY VELL! BUT TELL TO ME PLEASE... VOT... VOT ISS DOT?
ER-AH! WELL, YOU SEE...
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE TO....
HERE'S THE WAY IT IS..
ONCE YOU UNDERSTAND, IT'S...
WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS! I'LL EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING TO HIM VERY SIMPLY! ANY DOPE WOULD UNDERSTAND THIS...!
YOU SEE, PROFESSOR, WHEN HE DIDALDOED ON THE SASSAFRASS IT WAS PILCADITATED THAT ONLY A FORSTAT COULD BILGAD WITH TWO KIDOODLE, AND THAT'S THE CATAPUTELL! SEE?
HMMM, I DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT, IF I TELL DEM I DIDN'T GOT IT DEY'LL TINK I'M DUMB, SO...
ACH, YESS, OF COURSE! DOT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!
NOW HERE IS YOUR LECTURE HALL! DER LECTURE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN... TAKE DERE SEATS, PLEASE!
NOW FOR LESSON THREE... "HOW TO BLOW UP AN AMERICAN ARSONAL"!

LISTEN, FELLOWS! SCATTER YOURSELVES ALL AROUND THIS JOINT— THEN, TUBBY, YOU BZZZZ BZZZ BZZzzzz......
...UND ZO VEN YOU GET PAST DER STUPID GUARD IN THE ARSENAL, YOU TAKE DER TIME-BOMB...UND YOU....
BUT, TEACHER, SUPPOSE THE GUARD SPOTS YOU FIRST! WHAT THEN?
ER..AH...VELL... HIMMEL! SOCH A DUMBKOPF TING TO ASK! EFRY-BODY KNOWS HOW STUPID DER AMERICAN GUARDS ARE! SPOPPH!
THE FUEHRER WON'T LIKE THAT! HE WANTS THESE THINGS EXPLAINED IN DETAIL! ELSE HOW CAN WE LEARN TO BE GOOD SABOTEURS?
YES! HE'S RIGHT! HOW ABOUT THAT?
YOU-ALL DON' KNOW YO' STUFF, MAN!
WHY DO YOU AVOID ANSWERING OUR QUESTIONS, HERR PROFESSOR?
CARAGH! CAN'T YOU DUMBKOPFS FIGURE SOMEDINGS OUT FOR YOURSELVES?

BUT THE FUEHRER ALWAYS TELLS US TO LET THE STATE DO THE THINKING! IS IT NOT SO, PROFESSOR?
BAH! THIS PLACE ISS A MADHOUSE! I'M LEAVING!
UNSEEN BY THE CLASS, TORO HURLS A FIRE BALL AT THE BLACK BOARD...
NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO HAVE SOME FUN!
HANS! LOOK!
DONNER VETTER!
V
AT THAT INOPORTUNE MOMENT, THE NAZI PROFESSOR DECIDES TO GO BACK TO THE CLASS ROOM...
I'LL GIT SOME LICKS IN ON THIS, TOO!
ACH! I SHOULDN'T LOSE MY TEMPER! POYS VILL BE POYS! BEZIDES THEY VAS RAISED IN AMERICA! VOT CAN I EXPECT?
SCHLAMIEL!
...AND IS SMOTHERED BY THE FALLING FLAG!
HOLD EVERYTHING, PROF! WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!
AND A FOOT, TOO!
HELLUP!

OOPS! SORRY! MY FIST SLIPPED!
BUCKY! HOW COULD YOU BE SO CLUMSY? TSCH! TSCH!
CRACK!
BOP!
HELLUP! GUARDS!
VOT ISS?
♫ ♪ ♫ ♪
THE ON-RUSHING GUARDS TRIP OVER WHITE-WASH'S FOOT, AND...
OOOOP!
CRUNCH!
IN THE ENSUING BEDLAM, THE YOUNG ALLIES SNEAK OUT...
WELL, WE CERTAINLY PUT THE SQUITCH ON THAT!
YEAH MAN! BUT NOW LET'S GIT!
VOT ISS?
SCHWEIN-HUND!
ASCHTUNG!
HA! HA! I WONDER HOW THE PROF FEELS NOW!
HO! BOY! THAT WAS GOOD!
YOU! GET TO DER DRILL YARD IMMEDIATELY!
HUH?
WHY?
YOU ARE TO BE BLESSED WITH THE GREATEST HONOR BOSSIBLE TO MANKIND... THE FUEHRER HIMSELF ISS GOING TO INSPECT YOU!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 4.
SHOWDOWN WITH HITLER!

AS THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAVE THE SCHOOL BUILDING THEY SEE AN AMAZING SIGHT...
HOLY SMOKE! FELLERS... LOOK!
VE ARE READY, MEIN FUEHRER!
UND NOW, VE SHALL HEAR FROM THAT BRAVE, FEARLESS LEADER OF OUR MIGHTY EMPIRE, DER FUEHRER!
PSST! HANS! HAFE YOU MADE SURE THERE ARE NO WEAPONS IN DER CROWD? I MUST MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE!
QVIET! I, DER FEARLESS FUEHRER, AM ABOUT TO SHPEAK!

TAKE YOUR PLACES, IN DER LAST ROW... QVICK!
SOME CIRCUS!
IT WOULD BE IF IT WEREN'T AS DANGEROUS AS A PIT FULL OF RATTLESNAKES!
HEIL HITLER!
HEY, BUCKY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
I'VE NEVER TRIED TO THROW A FIREBALL THAT FAR – BUT HERE GOES....
ZIP!
HIMMEL! LOOK!
ULP!
...UND 20, BECAUSE DER AMERIKANER ISS ZO DUMBKOPF, UND NOT SMART UND ZUPER-MENS LIKE US, IT VILL BE ZIMPLE TO SABOTAGE THEM, YAH?
...BUT YOU MUST BE LIKE ME... BRAVE, AFRAID OF NUDDINGS, UND VEN I-I-I-I-I......
SWOOP!
YEOW!
NICE WORK, TORO! IT'S ABOUT TIME HITLER GOT A HOT-FOOT!
YES... BUT WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO TO REALLY SABOTAGE THE SABOTAGE SCHOOL?

WAIT A MINUTE! AH SHOULD HAVE SOME WATER-MELLON SEEDS IN MAH POCKET!
GIVE IT TO 'EM, WASHY!
ACH!
PSSSS
PING!
WHO DID THAT!
DEY DID!
VISE GUYS, EH? VE SHOW YOU!
GIFF IT TO DEM!
IN A FEW SECONDS THE DRILL-YARD IS A MAD-HOUSE OF ENRAGED GUARDS BEATING THE STUDENTS!
OOOCH! SUCH VIOLENCE! I CAN'T STOOD IT. STOP DEM!
VHIPERSHNAPPERS! VE'LL SHOW YOU!
NOW, NOW, MINE FEUHRER! BE CALM!
OOH-NO! WE DAREN'T DO THAT!
SHUCKS! WHAT KIN WE LOSE? LET'S TRY!
WHILE SAFELY OFF TO ONE SIDE THE YOUNG ALLIES PLAN STILL MORE MISCHIEF!
AW-! ISN'T IT A SHAME? OUR POOR FEUHRER IS A TRIFLE UPSET! WE'LL SAVE YOU!
WILL-WILL YOU NIZE BOYS, HELP ME?

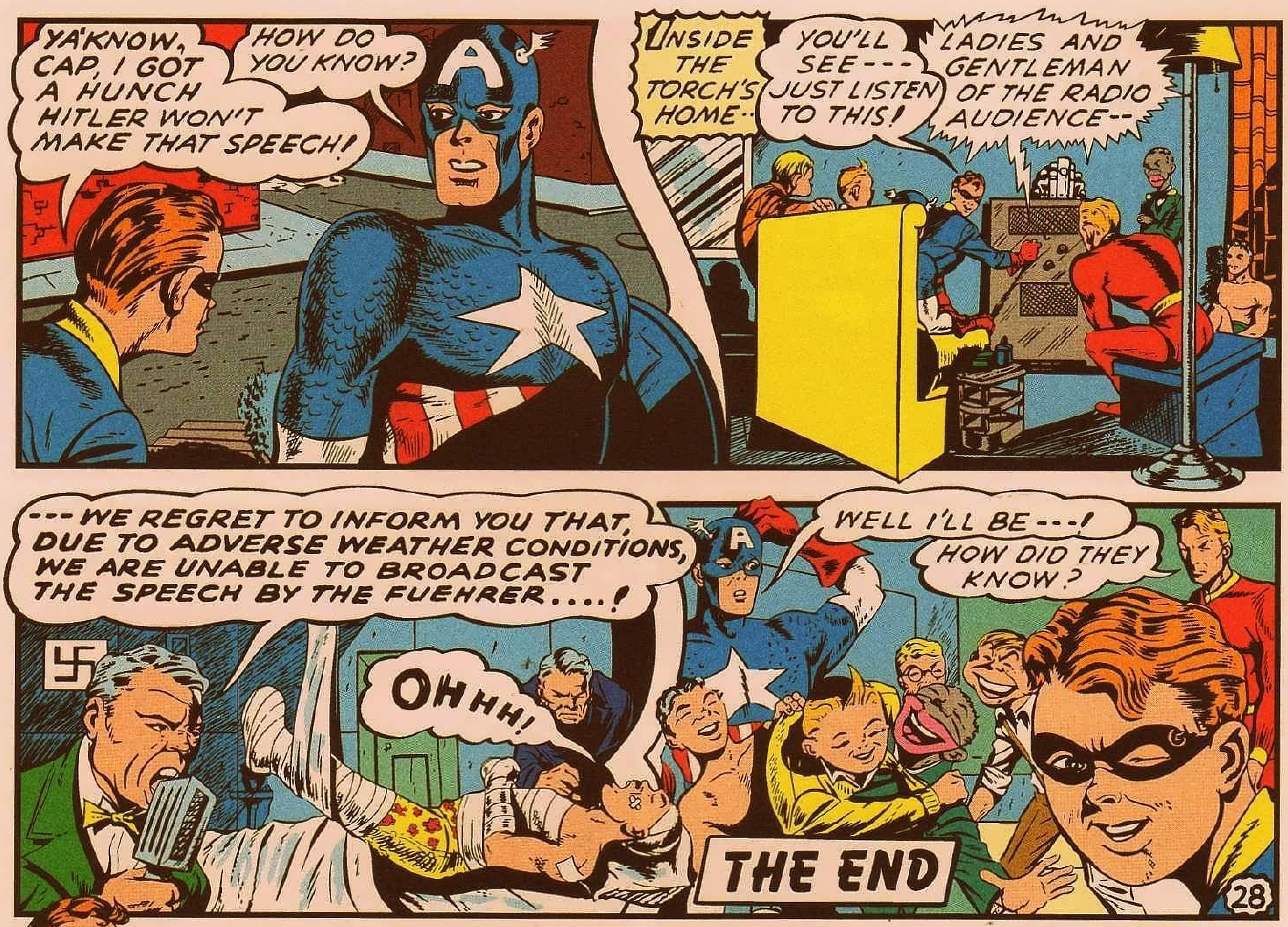
YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET HURT HERE! COME WITH US! WE KNOW A GOOD SPOT TO HIDE IN!
OOH... DANKS, BOYS, IT IS SO GOOT OF YOU!
YOU UNDERSTAND UFF COURSE THAT I AM NOT AFRAID! I MUST SAVE MYSELF FOR MY PEOPLES!
OH, SURE, SURE!
STEP INTO MY PARLOR, MINE FUEHRER!
JAH! JAH!
O.K. FELLAS, LET'S GO!
ACH! SUCH A RELIEF! YOU HAFF NO IDEA HOW MUCH VIOLENCE UPSETS ME!
YOU ARE..
..SUCH..
...GOOT...
...POYS!

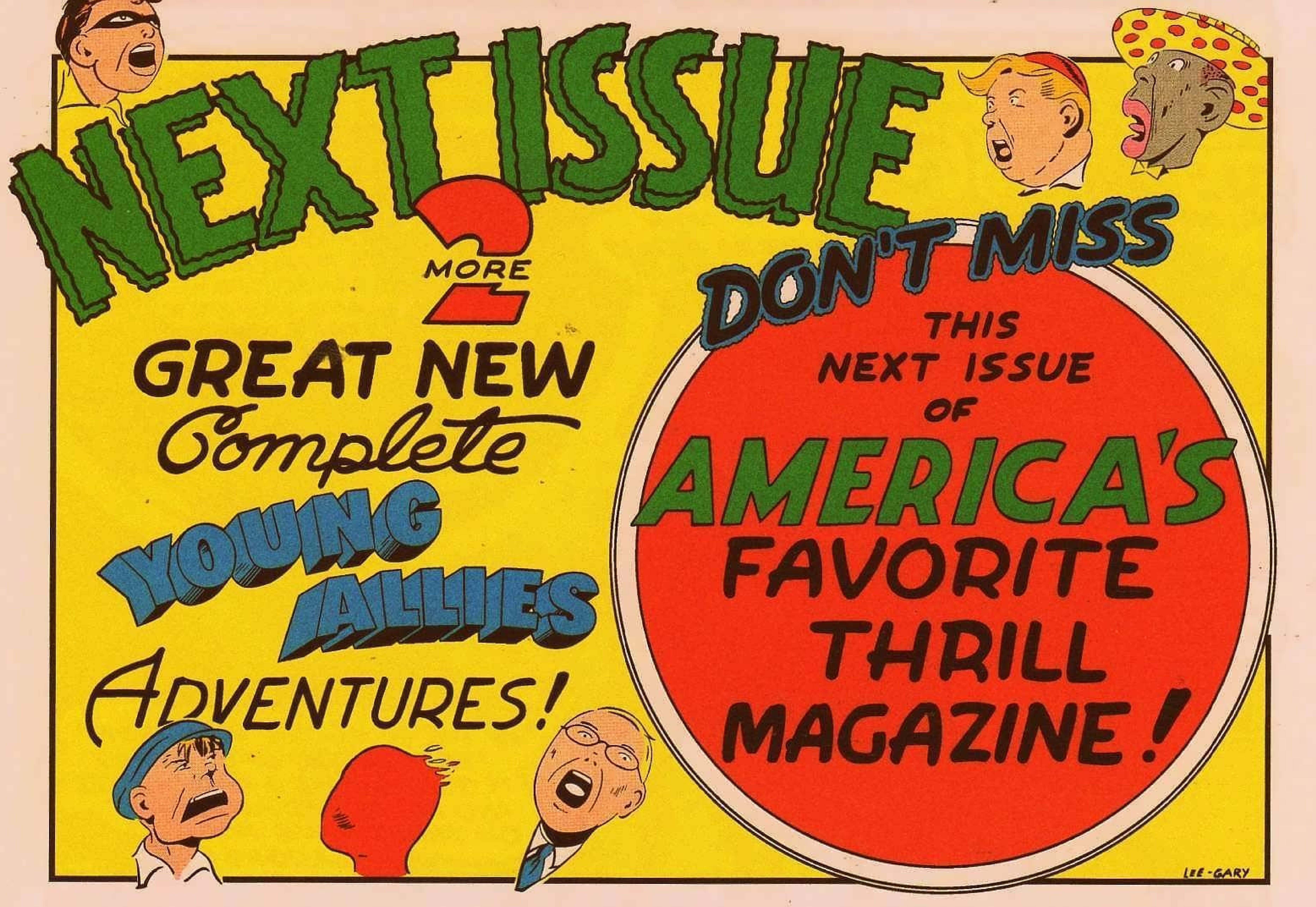
YOU MUST BE JOKING! VOT ARE YOU DOING?
AFTER YOU, KNUCKLES!
OH-NO! IT'S YER HONOR!
LET A MAN THRU WHAT DON'T STAND ON FORMALITY!
WAIT A MINUTE, WHITEWASH... I WANT THE FIRST CRACK AT THIS MONKEY!
BOYS! VOT'S DE MATTER!
I'M GOING OUT FROM HERE!
OH YES?
POW!
GEE! THIS IS FUN! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE DOING THIS, DEAR READER?
CRACK!
C'MON, GUYS, YOU'RE SLOWIN' DOWN!
BOP!
THINK I'LL BURN OFF HIS MUSTACHE!
THESE MELON SEEDS IS COMIN' IN HANDY!
PHHHT!
THIS OUGHTA MAKE YA FEEL BETTER!
TAT TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
THIS IS ALL I HAVE TO DO!
BOOM

--AND NOW, FUEHRER, YOU CAN GET UP
I-I-I NEVER WANT T-T-TO GET UP, AGAIN!
C'MON, LET'S FINISH DE JOB!
HEY, LOOK!
CRASH!
OPEN UP!
THE STORM TROOPERS!
TIME FOR US TO BEAT IT!
YEP! LET THE UNITED NATIONS FINISH THE JOB!
HOLY CATS! HERE COMES A STORM TO ADD TO OUR TROUBLES!
STORM? LIGHTNING?? HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
VERE DID DEY GO?
C'MON, GUYS, WE'RE GOING BACK INTO THE BUILDING! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT WE'D DO THAT!
OUT OF THE WINDOW DROP THE ENRAGED STORM TROOPERS IN PURSUIT OF THE INSOLENT UPSTARTS WHO HAVE DARED TO MANHANDLE ADOLF HITLER!
DEY CAN'T GET AVAY! VE CATCH DEM UND KILL DEM!
TSK, TSK, THEY'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!
DEY MUST HAVE GONE DISS VAY!

DOWN IN THE CELLAR..
WHAT'S THAT GOOD IDEA OF YOURS, BUCKY?
WELL, IF I KNOW NAZIS, THEY'LL HAVE EXPLOSIVES DOWN HERE!
YER RIGHT, BUCKY, ME LAD! THERE IT IS!
AND I NOTICE A NEW TYPE INDOOR LIGHTNING-ROD! YOU KNOW, WE COULD DO THINGS WITH THAT!
THAT'S THE IDEA! OKAY, FELLAS, CART THE EXPLOSIVES OVER TO THE LIGHTNING ROD!
IN A FEW MINUTES THE BOXES OF BOMBS ARE PILED UP AROUND THE ROD--
LET'S BEAT IT! THIS PLACE'LL BE POPPIN' SOON!
YAHOO! THE COAST IS CLEAR!
LOOK-DEY'S ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
LOOK! THIS IS IT!
AS THE LIGHTNING STRIKES THE ROD, IT TRAVELS DOWN TO WHERE THE EXPLOSIVES ARE STORED AND THEN!
BOOM!

HEY, FELLERS! LOOK AT WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND!
VY DIDN'T I SHTICK TO PAPER HANGING?
OOH! DER FEUHRER!
SABOTAGE SCHOOL
THE YOUNG ALLIES REACH THE COAST, AND--
BOY! ARE WE IN LUCK! A MOTOR BOAT!
LATER IN THE DAY--
YEP! IT MUSTA JUST FINISHED A COMMANDO RAID!
SAY, WADDYA KNOW! THERE'S A BRITISH DESTROYER!
AND SO, AFTER BOARDING THE DESTROYER, REACHING ENGLAND AND TAKING A TANKER HOME FROM THERE, THE PALS FINALLY LAND IN NEW YORK A WEEK LATER, AND--
PS-S-ST! HEY FELLAS!
HELLO, GANG!
WOW! LOOK WHO'S HERE! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE TORCH!
NOW WE'RE REALLY HOME!
WE'VE BEEN COMBING THE DOCKS AND AIRLINE TERMINALS LOOKING FOR YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHY, EH, WE KINDA TOOK A--- SORT OF VACATION! WE BOOKED PASSAGE ON A TANKER AND SAILED TO ENGLAND AND BACK! THAT'S ALL!
WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE ON THE VOYAGE EITHER. DID WE FELLAS?
HMMM...
OH NO, NUTTIN' AT ALL!
WE'RE HEADIN' HOME NOW! THE MAD DOG OF GERMANY IS GONNA MAKE A RADIO SPEECH AND WE'RE GONNA HEAR IT ON SHORT WAVE FOR LAUGHS!


YA'KNOW, CAP, I GOT A HUNCH HITLER WON'T MAKE THAT SPEECH!
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
INSIDE THE TORCH'S HOME··
YOU'LL SEE--- JUST LISTEN TO THIS!
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE--
---WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT, DUE TO ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS, WE ARE UNABLE TO BROADCAST THE SPEECH BY THE FUEHRER....!
OHHH!
WELL I'LL BE---!
HOW DID THEY KNOW?
THE END
28


NEXT ISSUE
2 MORE
GREAT NEW Complete YOUNG ALLIES ADVENTURES!
DON'T MISS
THIS NEXT ISSUE OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE THRILL MAGAZINE!
LEE-GARY

AT LAST!
THE 4TH ISSUE OF AMERICA'S NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE! BIGGER, FUNNIER, MORE COLORFUL THAN EVER!! ALSO, A VARIETY OF NEW AND BIGGER GAMES and PUZZLES!
KRAZY KOMICS
NO. 4
10
CHOCK FULL OF STORIES PUZZLES AND GAMES WITH ALL YOUR PALS IN FULL COLOR!
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!
LEE-KING

JUNIOR G-MAN

BOBBY BAKER wanted to be a detective. He knew all about finger prints. He knew all about gangsters and forgers and fifth columnists and saboteurs. He read every book and magazine about detectives that he could get his hands on.

But he hadn't even begun to shave yet. The fact is, he was wearing only his second pair of long pants. So until he got a little bit older he was sorting mail and putting stamps on envelopes and running errands for Norman & Randall, the investment company in Chicago. Being a very smart young chap for his sixteen years, he sometimes operated the telephone switchboard while Mary Golden was out to lunch.

It was nearly noon now and Mary got out of her chair by the switchboard and smiled at Bobby. "Come on, chum, how's about being a pal and taking over here until I come back. I've got a date for lunch and I don't want to be late."

Bobby said "sure" and slipped into the swivel chair in front of the board. "Bet your date is with that FBI man up on the fourth floor. You're stuck on that Mr. Sanders, ain't you?"

Mary hid her confusion by frowning at Bobby. "The word is 'isn't', not 'ain't'. Don't ever let Mr. Norman hear you say ain't over that phone or he'll fire you."

Bobby switched in an incoming call to Mr. Norman as Mary walked into the cloak room for her coat and hat. And just as that door closed behind her the corridor door opened and a very distinguished looking man walked in. He was very slender and very tall, with hair graying around his temples under his light gray hat. He had a pointed chin and a very thin black line of moustache made him appear very aristocratic. His voice was clear and pleasantly resonant as he smiled over the top of the switchboard at Bobby.

"Hello, son", he said, "I have an appointment with your Mr. Norman. An appointment which was made by letter several days ago."

Bobby pressed the lever that rang Mr. Norman's desk. Then he looked at the caller. "Who shall I say is calling?" He said it real politely, just like Mary had taught him to do.

The man handed a highly-glazed card to Bobby. And he smiled that warm smile again as he did so. "Son", he said, "my name is Francis X. Packard, and I am the newly-appointed Chairman of the Tire Rationing Board for this state."

Bobby looked at the card and read the name off over the board in answer to Mr. Norman's request. And almost immediately, Mr. Norman said, "Send Mr. Packard in at once, Bobby."

The boy grinned at Mr. Packard. "Mr. Norman will see you right away, Mr. Packard. Right through that door." As an afterthought he added a friendly remark. "I'm sure glad to know you, Mr. Packard. Maybe as you're head of the Tire Rationing Board you can fix it so my dad can get a couple of new 500-20 tires for his jaloppy."

Mr. Packard smiled that nice smile of his again and answered in his pleasant voice. "I'm afraid it's going to be practically impossible for anyone to get tires for quite some time unless they are on the national defense list."

He entered Mr. Norman's office and closed the door behind him and an odd, excited look came into Bobby Baker's eyes.

Mary came out of the cloak room with her hat and coat on and headed for the corridor door. Bobby hissed at her to get her attention and then motioned for her to come over to the switchboard. He handed her Mr. Packard's calling card.

"I think this calling card's got on it the fingerprints of a big shot crook. If you're going up to see your boy friend at the FBI office, tell him to check with his records up there and if there's anything hot to call me back right away."

Mary said, "Gosh, Bobby, you're getting goofier every day from reading all those detective stories. You imagine that everybody that comes into this office is a criminal." But she put the card in her purse and swung out of the office with a promise that she would give the card to Mr. Sanders at once.

* * * *

Mr. Norman greeted his caller with outstretched hand. "How are you, Mr. Packard. I have been expecting you."

Mr. Packard immediately reached into the breast pocket of his natty coat and extracted a handsomely tooled letter folder on which the letter F.X.P. were prominent. Extracting two letters from the folder he gave them to Mr. Norman. "Inasmuch as I wrote that I desired my money in cash, I'd like you to inspect these letters to see if they are the ones you wrote to me and thus make sure of my identity."

Mr. Norman smiled. He could be very gracious and polite, too. "Mr. Packard, the letters are O.K. They are the letters that I wrote to you. I doubt if I would have recognized you from your pictures in the paper. But of course newspaper photos never do anyone justice. I will get your money at once." Mr. Norman crossed the office to the big vault and presently returned with a manila envelope which he gave to Mr. Packard. "You will find five thousand dollars in this envelope. If you'll count it and then sign this receipt your account with us will be closed."

Packard put the envelope in his breast pocked and then he signed the receipt. "Thank you very much, Mr. Norman. I regret that I had to close my account with your firm but circumstances make it necessary. Goodbye and thank you again." He turned and calmly strolled out of Mr. Norman's office.

As the door closed behind Packard, Mr. Norman's phone rang. An excited voice echoed in his ears in a near scream. "Mr. Norman, this is Francis X. Packard talking. I was abducted on the train last night on my way to Chicago to see you and my letters and other identification were stolen from me and I was held captive until just a few minutes ago when I managed to escape. I think one of my abductors will try to impersonate me and come to your office for my five thousand dollars. If such a person calls on you, hold him and call the police. He is an impostor."

Mr. Norman dropped his phone like it was a hot potato and dashed into the outer office. "Bobby", he yelled, "call the police and tell them to grab the man that just left here. He was a crook and he got away with five thousand dollars."

Bobby was standing by the door of the cloak room with a grin on his face and he held up a key. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Norman, I didn't like the guy's looks and thought you might want him again so I told him the hall door was swelled shut and told him he could go out this way. He's in there now and I got the key." And someone inside began pounding on the glass.

At that instant the corridor door opened and Mary and Mr. Sanders of the FBI dashed in all out of breath. Mr. Sanders barked at Bobby. "Kid, your goofy hunch was right. The fingerprints on that calling card belong to Charles Ewing, confidence man, forger and counterfeiter. The FBI's been after him for a long time. Where is he?"

"He's on the other side of this door. I locked him in and he's got five thousand dollars of Mr. Norman's money."

Mr. Sanders drew his gun. "Open it up, Bobby! I'll take care of Ewing. And thanks for doing a swell job of detecting. But how on earth did you catch on to the fact that the guy was a crook instead of being legitimate?"

Bobby grinned at the FBI man and at Mary, too. "You always kidded me about reading all those detective stories but I learned how to use my head reading those books. This crook gave himself away by talking too much. After I found out he was supposed to be Chairman of the State Tire Rationing Board, I asked him if he could help my dad get a couple of new tires for our old jaloppy. He said that it was practically impossible to get tires for any car for quite some time unless for national defense purposes."

Mr. Sanders looked puzzled. "I don't see how that gave you the idea that the man was an impostor."

"Very simple. I told him dad wanted a couple 500-20 tires. If this guy was really Chairman of the Tire Rationing Board he would have known that a 500-20 is an obsolete tire and that nobody will have any trouble getting that size. Of course, you still need a certificate but it's an easy matter to get a certificate signed for a 500-20 because it's an obsolete tire and there ain't no shortage on them."

Mr. Sanders took Mr. Ewing away to jail and Mary smiled at Bobby. "Bobby, you are my favorite office boy. And this time I won't even tell you not to say 'ain't' any more."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP.
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC,,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
of Young Allies, published bimonthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Young Allies and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editon, managing editon, and business managers are: Publisher, U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editer Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St. N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated bv him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1942.

(SEAL) REGINA GERBER.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1944.)

IT'S HERE!
BIG No 2 ISSUE !!
ISSUE No 2 OF AMERICA'S SENSATIONAL NEW COMIC HIT! CRAMMED WITH EXCITING, FUNNY "FROM-THE-SCREEN-TO-YOU" STORIES, PLUS PUZZLES, GAMES and SURPRISES
10¢
PAUL TERRY PRESENTS:
TERRY-TOONS
No. 2
COMICS
NOVEMBER
THANKS, PAL!
WITH ALL YOUR MOVIE PALS!
OH, MAMA I'M GOING BACK AND FACE THE MUSIC LIKE A MAN!
SCREECH
BOP!
I'M-I'M SORRY I CHASED YOU LIKE I DID, BERTIE!
DON'T YOU DARE COME NEAR ME! EVERYTIME YOU TRY TO HELP ME I GET HURT WORSE!
HERE IT IS SARGE.
WHP!
BLOOEY!
TERRYTOON VARIETIES!
OUR LITTLE FRIENDS VERY PUZZLED BECAUSE OUR ARTIST FORGOT TO FINISH HIM... CAN YOU CONNECT THE DOTS IN THEIR RIGHT ORDER WITH A STRAIGHT LINE AND SEE WHO THIS LITTLE GUY IS?
GET YOUR COPY TODAY BEFORE YOUR NEWSDEALER IS SOLD OUT! ONLY 10¢ FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF A DOZEN MOVIES! WE'LL ALL BE SEEING YOU IN YOUR COPY OF TERRYTOONS #2
XYZ
LEE-KING

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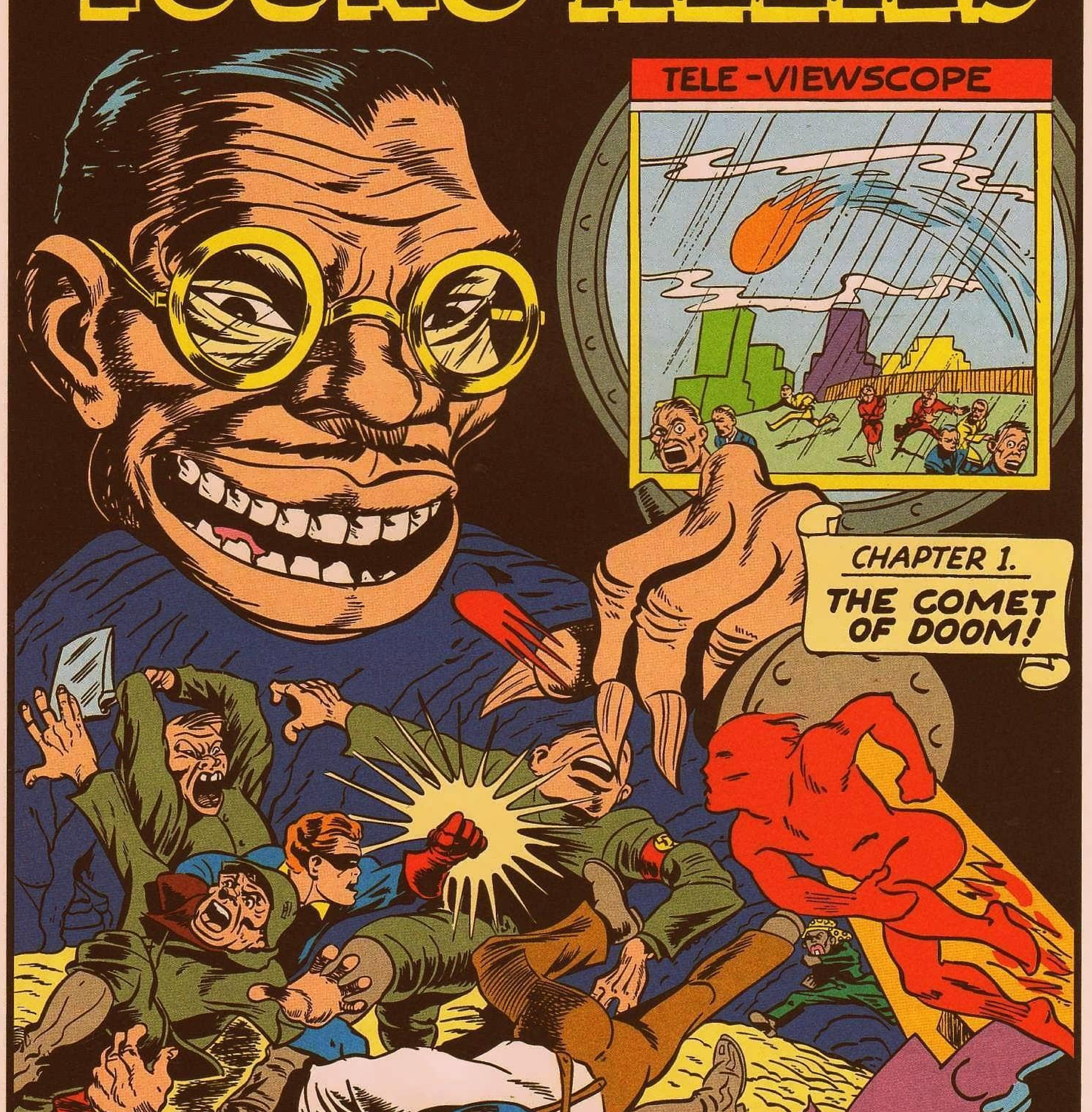
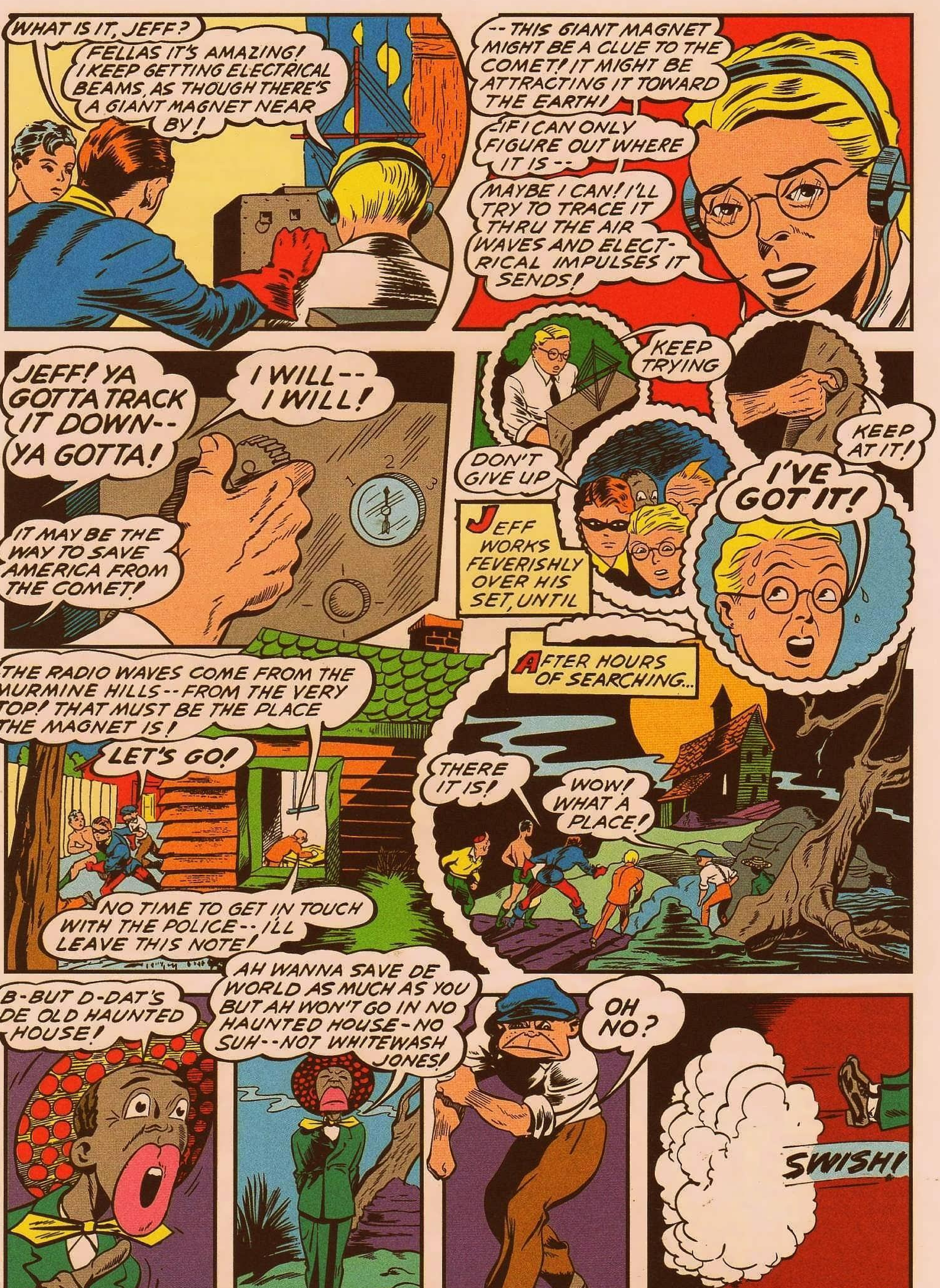
YOUNG ALLIES


TELE-VIEWSCOPE
CHAPTER 1.
THE COMET OF DOOM!

FROM OUT THE IMMENSITY OF SPACE, A HUGE COMET HURTLES TOWARD THE EARTH,, GUIDED BY THE DIABOLICAL JEWEL MAGNET OF A JAP MADMAN INTENT UPON THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA! CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES DIVERT THE TERRIBLE COMET FROM IT'S DESTRUCTIVE PATH OF DOOM, OR WILL THEY AT LAST GO DOWN BENEATH THE HEINOUS HEEL OF HITLERISM? READ ON AND LEARN.......

THE CURTAIN RISES IN THE ASTRONOMICAL LABORATORY OF A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTISTS UPSET AT THE SPECTACLE OF AN AMAZING PHENOMENON...
IT'S-IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
IT CAN'T HAPPEN!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
FOR THIS IS THE HORRIBLE SIGHT WHICH THEY SEE... A HUGE, SPEEDING, DEADLY COMET, HURTLING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE HEART OF AMERICA!
GENTLEMEN, ...AMERICA IS DOOMED!
AND THE AWE-INSPIRING NEWS SPREADS THRUOUT AMERICA LIKE WILDFIRE....
DOOMED!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
DOOMED!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
WHERE CAN WE GO?
SAVE US!
AND AS FEAR STRIKES THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE, RIOT AND PANIC GROW RAMPANT! TERROR-STRICKEN, THEY RACE TO AND FRO, WITH THE SIGHT OF THE DEADLY COMET ALWAYS BEFORE THEM! RACING NEARER AND NEARER AND NEARER!
WE'VE GOT TO FLEE... IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE... RUN!
IT'S COMING! IT CAN'T BE STOPPED!

BUT MISTRESS FATE STEPS IN WITH A HIDEOUS CACKLE, AS THREE STRANDS OF HER FATEFUL NET REACH OUT AND STRIKE . . .
1. CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE HUMAN TORCH!
TORCH, MY FIGURES SHOW THAT THE COMET WILL STRIKE US WITHIN THREE DAYS!
GAD!
2. JAPANESE EMPEROR HIROHITO...
AH, SOMARURI, MY PLAN IS WORKING WELL! THE COMET WILL SOON STRIKE AMERICA! WE MUST CONGRATULATE TOGO!
GOOD!
DISPATCH FROM AMERICA... AGENT TOGO REPORTS...
3. AND THE THIRD STRAND REACHES A LONELY MANSION IN THE MIDWEST WHERE A SINISTER FIGURE STANDS AT A WINDOW-- BROODING!
IT IS TOGO, JAP MASTER SPY IN AMERICA!
RACE ON, LITTLE COMET! YET A FEW DAYS AND YOU SHALL DESTROY AMERICA! AND THO' I TOO PERISH, I SHALL DIE HAPPY!
BUT FATE HAS YET ONE MORE THREAD TO CAST! EVEN AT THAT MOMENT HER GNARLED FINGER POINTS AT...
The YOUNG ALLIES! IN THEIR CLUB-HOUSE THEY PASS THE AFTERNOON, KNOWING THAT PANIC AND TERROR WILL DO NO GOOD AGAINST THE COMET... WHILE JEFF TWIRLS THE DIALS OF HIS SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET!
HERE'S HOW YOU THROW A LEFT JAB, KNUCKLES!
OH, YEAH? AN' HERE'S HOW YA BLOCK IT!
HELP! AH CHINNED MAHSELF, AN NOW AH CAN'T UNCHIN!
WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS! I'VE GOT SOMETHING!


WHAT IS IT, JEFF?
FELLAS IT'S AMAZING! I KEEP GETTING ELECTRICAL BEAMS, AS THOUGH THERE'S A GIANT MAGNET NEAR BY!
-- THIS GIANT MAGNET MIGHT BE A CLUE TO THE COMET! IT MIGHT BE ATTRACTING IT TOWARD THE EARTH!
-IF I CAN ONLY FIGURE OUT WHERE IT IS --
MAYBE I CAN! I'LL TRY TO TRACE IT THRU THE AIR WAVES AND ELECTRICAL IMPULSES IT SENDS!
JEFF! YA GOTTA TRACK IT DOWN-- YA GOTTA!
I WILL-- I WILL!
IT MAY BE THE WAY TO SAVE AMERICA FROM THE COMET!
KEEP TRYING
DON'T GIVE UP
KEEP AT IT!
JEFF WORKS FEVERISHLY OVER HIS SET, UNTIL
I'VE GOT IT!
THE RADIO WAVES COME FROM THE MURMINE HILLS -- FROM THE VERY TOP! THAT MUST BE THE PLACE THE MAGNET IS!
LET'S GO!
NO TIME TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE POLICE -- I'LL LEAVE THIS NOTE!
AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING...
THERE IT IS!
WOW! WHAT A PLACE!
B-BUT D-DAT'S DE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE!
AH WANNA SAVE DE WORLD AS MUCH AS YOU BUT AH WON'T GO IN NO HAUNTED HOUSE-NO SUH--NOT WHITEWASH JONES!
OH NO?
SWISH!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE HOUSE EVIL EYES WATCH THE BOYS ARRIVAL
AH -- GUESTS! I MUST PREPARE FOR THEM!
BOY--- WHAT A SPOOKY-LOOKING PLACE!
I WONDER WHEN DRACULA MOVED OUT?
COME ON IN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT MAGNET-- IF THERE IS ONE!
DOWNSTAIRS--
LOOK, FELLAS, SOMEONE'S SHADOW!
P-PROBABLY A G-GHOST
CAREFUL!
WELL, WE'VE TACKLED ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE IN OUR TIME --NOW WE'LL TRY A GHOST!
NO NEED TO BE ALARMED -- IT'S NO GHOST-- BUT YOU'LL SOON WISH IT WAS ONLY A GHOST!
LOOK!
WHAT! A GUY -- IN A MOVIE SERIAL GET UP!
STAY BACK-- --- YOU WON'T? ALL RIGHT---
←OFF
THIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!
THE MOVING OF A LEVER RELEASES A SWITCH WHICH DROPS A HUGE GLASS DOME OVER THE HEADS OF THE LADS! INDEED, TOGO WAS WELL PREPARED!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A GIANT MAGNET WHICH IS PULLING THE COMET TOWARDS US?
AH KNOWED AH SHOULDN'T COME HERE! AH'M TOO YOUNG AND GOOD LOOKIN' TO DIE!
WHO AM I? LISTEN WELL, YOUNG FOOLS-- I AM TOGO, OF THE SUPERIOR JAPANESE RACE! FOR YEARS I'VE PLANNED A WAY TO COMPLETELY DESTROY AMERICA-- NOW AT LAST IT IS READY!

LOOK--AS I OPEN THIS DOOR AND SHOW YOU MY MAGNET OF DOOM!
THERE! AFTER YEARS I HAVE MADE IT! THE MOST POWERFUL ATOM-MAGNET KNOWN TO MAN! I DIRECTED ITS FIELD TOWARD THAT HUGE COMET--AND IT WILL CONTINUE TO ATTRACT THE COMET UNTIL THE COMET STRIKES AND DESTROYS ALL AMERICA!
AND THO' I PERISH TOO, I WILL DIE KNOWING THAT THE STUPID LAND OF LIBERTY IS NO MORE!
NOW BEFORE I DESTROY YOU TOO, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?
NO--NO--STAY BACK!
WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOTION, TORO, ANGERED BEYOND WORDS AT TOGO'S FIENDISH PLAN, TURNS ON HIS AMAZING FLAME AND-
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR!
YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT PUNY TANK COULD HOLD US?
ON A SECOND THE GLASS TANK IS MELTED INTO NOTHINGNESS!
THAT'S JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET---
--AFTER WE HAVE DESTROYED---
THAT MAGNET OF YOURS!
POW!
FOOLS, FREEING YOURSELVES WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! NOTHING, NOT EVEN THE FLAME, CAN DESTROY MY MAGNET! YOU ARE STILL DOOMED!
WELL! SO NOTHING CAN DESTROY THE "MAGNET OF DOOM," EH?---LET'S READ THE NEXT CHAPTER AND SEE WHAT THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2.
THE HORRIBLE QUEST BEGINS!
GRAND HOTEL ★

YOURE JUST SAYING THAT TO SCARE US! WE'LL DESTROY THE MAGNET, EH, TORO?
YOU BET!
NO-NO!
BUCKY---IT--IT WON'T BURN! MY FLAME WON'T AFFECT IT!
NEVER!
BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THAT'LL DESTROY IT---AND YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHAT IT IS!
OH NO? WE'LL SEE! THERE'S A RING OF FLAME FOR YOU TO PLAY IN!
IT'S GETTING HOTTER-HOTTER!
THE FLAME! IT'S BURNING ME!
THIS WON'T DO ANY GOOD
STOP! STOP! I'LL TALK!
THERE--THERE ARE TWO JEWELS---PLASTIC JEWELS--MADE THEM MYSELF...WHEN PLACED WITHIN 25 FEET OF THE DOOM MAGNET THEY WILL EMINATE RAYS WHICH WILL CAUSE THE MAGNET TO BLOW UP AND DESTROY ITSELF! ONE JEWEL IS IN GHOST CITY IN DEATH VALLEY---THE OTHER IN THE ABANDONED 9TH AVENUE SUBWAY TUNNEL IN NEW YORK CITY!
THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW! NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW KIDS FROM THIS "STUPID LAND OF LIBERTY" AS YOU CALL IT, CAN GO INTO ACTION, EH, GANG?
RIGHT!
CHECK!

HA HA, YOU IDIOTS! YOU WILL NEVER GET THE JEWELS IN TIME--- YOU CAN'T DO IT---IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'RE BEATEN BEFORE YOU START! HA HA HA!
BUT AMERICANS HAVE A WAY OF DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE! MOMENTS LATER, TOGO IS STRAPPED TO HIS OWN DUNGEON WALL AND--
FELLAS, WELL HAVE TO SPLIT UP! I'LL TAKE WHITEWASH AND TUBBY!
AND I'LL TAKE KNUCKLES AND JEFF!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, WASHY!
AH SHO' WILL, KNUCKLES, 'N DONT YOU FORGET TO REMEMBER NOT TO FORGET TO REMEMBER TO LOOK AFTER YO'SELF!
S'LONG, JEFF!
LUCK, TUBBY
AND SO, SIX FIGURES LEAVE THE EERIE MANSION THAT NIGHT DESTINED FOR ADVENTURE--- WITH THE FATE OF ALL AMERICA AT STAKE!
YAHOO!
THE TWO GROUPS SEPERATE AND BY PLANE, TRAIN, CAR, AND ON FOOT, SPEED ACROSS THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS IN THEIR QUEST FOR THE TWO VITAL JEWELS!
BOYS LEAVE FROM HERE
DEATH VALLEY
THE LAND OF LIBERTY
NEW YORK
DIAGRAMATIC CHART OF THEIR ROUTES
TORO, KNUCKLES, AND JEFF FINALLY REACH NEW YORK CITY IN A CAR DRIVEN BY A KINDLY MOTORIST WHO GAVE THEM A LIFT!
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUD!
HERE WE ARE AT LAST!
NOW FOR DAT JEWEL!
---WHILE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BUCKY, WHITEWASH, AND TUBBY STAND BEFORE GHOST CITY---IN MYSTERIOUS DEATH VALLEY!
AH DON'KNOW WHY AH ALWAYS LANDS IN GHOSTISH PLACES! HONEST, FELLAS, AH JUS DON'LIKE GHOSTS... HONEST!
SALOON
SO THIS IS GHOST CITY? HMMM!

BUT BACK IN THE MANSION, AN INFURIATED TOGO STRAINS AT HIS STRAPS AND FINALLY--
SNAP
AH-- FREE AT LAST!
NOW-BEFORE THE COMET STRIKES, TO TEACH THOSE YOUNG BRATS A LESSON THEY WILL NEVER FORGET! ---AH, HERE IS THE CALL BUTTON!
BZZZZZZZ
YOU BUZZED, SIR?
YES, SLOW-WITTED FOOLS, I BUZZED! YOU ARE TO SEPERATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND TRACK DOWN TWO TEAMS OF BRATS WHO ARE MENACING OUR CAUSE!
SOME OF YOU GO TO GHOST CITY---OTHERS TO NEW YORK--AND SHOULD YOU FAIL TO DESTROY YOUR VICTIMS YOU WILL REMAIN IN AMERICA TO FEEL THE WRATH OF THE COMET INSTEAD OF BEING FLOWN TO SAFETY IN JAPAN! NOW GO AND BRING BACK YOUR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED--- IN 48 HOURS--- OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!
IN AN INSTANT THE HUGE ROOM FILLS WITH MEN!
AND SO, LIKE EVIL CREATURES OF THE NIGHT THE MEN OF TOGO SLINK AWAY--- SPIES, TRAITORS, MERCILESS KILLERS ALL! THE DREGS AND DEPTH OF A PROUD AND NOBLE NATION!
CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES DEFEAT THESE BEASTS WHICH WALK LIKE MEN?
WE TURN AGAIN TO GHOST CITY... ANCIENT, DESERTED, A SHROUD-LIKE SILENCE HANGS OVER THE DEAD, LOST CITY!
WE'VE G-GOT TO HURRY! DAT COMET DONE SEEMS TO GET CLOSER EVERY SECOND!
EASY, WHITEWASH, IT WON'T STRIKE FOR ANOTHER DAY AND A HALF-- NOW TO FIND THAT JEWEL!

OWOOOOOOO!
WHAT'S THAT?
YIPE!
GHOSTSES!
HOLD ON!
OWOOooo OOOOOOOH
SEE? ONLY A LONE COYOTE - SCARED BY THE COMET!
AH AIN'T NO COYOTE BUT AH'M SCARED TOO!
AND BEHIND THE BOYS AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE DESERTED CITY A LIGHT-POWERED RACING SEDAN DRAWS UP-- TOGO'S MEN OF EVIL MOVE FAST!
DIS IS DE PLACE!
SCREECH!
TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL SNEAK UP ON DE KIDS!
DON'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!
DERE DEY ARE! READY?
LET'S LOOK IN HERE
SAL
GROCERY
OH, BOY! REAL COWBOY STUFF!
"BUCK WHITEWASH JONES"... THAT'S YOU! HA HA HA!
GULP!
BANG!
ONE SIDE, BOYS! LET A COWBOY THRU!
THOSE -- THOSE MUST BE TOGO'S MEN!

THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED! THEY'LL KILL US IF THEY CAN-UNLESS---LISTEN--BZZZ BZZZ!
OH, LAWDY!
IT'S WORTH A TRY!
BANG
SEIZING THE TABLE BEHIND WHICH THEY'RE SHELTERED, THE VALIANT LADS GO INTO ACTION!
BANG
BANG
B-BUT LOOK! WHAT ARE THEY DOIN'?
CHARGE!
KEEP SHOOTIN' WE'VE GOT EM'!
YAHOO!
CRASH!
POW!
TWO OF 'EM ARE ALMOST OUT!
LOOK! ONE'S GETTIN' AWAY!
BRATS! I'LL GET YOU NOW FROM HERE!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
AMERICANS DON'T KID AROUND---
WHEN THEY'RE MAD!
UP--UP--LEAPS THE FIGHTING LAD--STRAIGHT TOWARD THE KILLER!
CRACK!

THEIR BATTLE CRY RINGING FROM THEIR LIPS--THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS AFLAME WITH THE THRILL OF BATTLE, THE YOUNG ALLIES FIGHT AS NEVER BEFORE---AS ONLY FREE MEN CAN--- THEY FIGHT TO WIN!
YAHOO!
CRACK!
YAHOO!
YAH-HOO!
NICE TEAM-WORK, TUB!
DIS OUGHTA OPEN YOUR EYE, SPY!
AND MINUTES LATER--
WELL, I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE--OF THAT!
CHECK!
NOW, RAT...
TALK-AND TALK FAST!-- WHERE IS TOGO'S JEWEL HIDDEN? TALK, I SAY!
GULP!
I'LL GET IT RIGHT NOW!
IT--IT'S UPSTAIRS IN THE--THE BACKROOM! LET GO--- MY THROAT!
-YOU SURE WILL "GET IT," FOOL!
BUT ONE OF THE SPIES HAS BEEN PLAYING POSSUM" AND AS BUCKY RACES UP THE STAIRS, A DEADLY STEEL COLT FOLLOWS HIM-- AS A FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3.
THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

WHAT'S THIS? FICKLE FATE SLOWLY TURNS WITH A HIDEOUS CACKLE FROM TORO, WHITEWASH, AND TUBBY TO A TUNNEL DEEP IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK! LET US FOLLOW AS SHE SILENTLY GLOATS OVER THE SHAPE OF ADVENTURES TO COME...
AHHH, HERE WE ARE... NEW YORK... AND A TUNNEL OF TERROR! HEH HEH!
NEW YORK... TORO, KNUCKLES, AND WHITEWASH ARE IN A TUNNEL
AIMS HIS GUN AT TORO, AND
HIDDEN IN THE VAST CATACOMBS OF THE DEATHLY QUIET TUNNEL ARE TWO SINISTER FIGURES... BENT UPON A MISSION OF DOOM!
GOOD THING WE GOT HERE FIRST, THE BRATS'LL BE HERE SOON!
...AND WHEN THOSE STUPID YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE, WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM, WON'T WE? HA HA HA!
THIS IS THE TUNNEL TOGO MENTIONED!
DANGER KEEP OUT
♫ TRA LA LAAA... ♫
WELL, LET'S GO!
WHILE OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL!
HELLO, OFFICER, NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?
SURE IS!
HMMMM... NICE KIDS!
HEY! WHERE'RE THEY GOIN'?
OOPS! WE DIDN'T MAKE IT!
COME BACK HERE, YOU KIDS!

DIDN'TCHA SEE THE "KEEP OUT" SIGN ON THAT TUNNEL? AS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW, IT'S ME DUTY TO SEE THAT NONE OF YE GET INTO THE TUNNEL!
LISTEN FELLAS, WE GOTTA GET IN!
WE'LL HAVE TA USE STRATAGY!
BZZZZ PSSST BUZZZ PST BUZZ...
HMMM!
BY THE WAY, OFFICER, DO YOU APPROVE OF THE PRICE OF PEANUTS IN BESSARABIA?
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF INFLATIONARY MEASURES?
HUH? WHAT?
THERE! THAT DOES IT!
HELP! FIRE!
BEGORRA, IT'S ON ME WAY I'LL BE A GOIN'!
WHOA! IS THIS THE FIRE?
BACK AT THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE ONCE MORE, THE OFFICER FINDS THE LADS GONE!
HMMM... IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK THAT THE YOUNG SCALPEENS HAD FOOLED ME!
... OR DID THEY?
KEEP OUT
WOW! IT'S PITCH DARK IN HERE!
DO SUMPIN', TORO!
OKAY... I WILL!
WHILE INSIDE THE TUNNEL...
THE FIERY LAD TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND IT ACTS LIKE A TORCH, ILLUMINATING THE MYSTERIOUS TUNNEL!
IS THIS BETTER?

I'LL TOSS A FIRE-BALL AHEAD OF US TO LIGHT UP WHERE WE'RE GOING, SO WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT!
GOOD IDEA!
YEOW! WHAT HIT ME?
CAREFUL NOW, LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
HOLY SMOKE... SOMEONE'S THERE!
THE FLAMING LAD QUICKLY TOSSES UP A SHEET OF FLAME WHICH ILLUMINATES THE ENTIRE TUNNEL AHEAD OF THEM...
IT'S THE KIDS! KILL THEM!
LOOK!
TOGO'S MEN!
REACHING FOR A POCKET EXTINGUISHER, ONE OF THE KILLERS PLAYS IT UPON TORO'S FLAME AND...
THIS'LL TURN OFF YOUR. HEAT, FIRE-PANTS!
I DON'T NEED MY FLAME TO LICK A RAT LIKE YOU!
...AND THEN, AS THE FLAME GOES OUT, A WEIRD BATTLE BEGINS IN THE DARKNESS OF THE TUNNEL DUNGEON!
GOTCHA! OOOOF!
CRACK!

BUT JEFF WHISPERS THE BOYS TO ONE SIDE AFTER A MOMENT....
PUT ON THESE POLAROID GLASSES AND TAKE THESE INFRA-RAY TUBES!
ONE OF YER SCIENTIFIC STUNTS, EH, PAL?
WITH THE AID OF THE SPECIAL POLAROID GLASSES AND THE INFRA-RAY TUBES, THE LADS ARE ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK WHILE THEIR ENEMIES CAN NOT!
WHERE DID THEY GO?
EASY... WE'LL SNEAK UP ON 'EM!
HO HUM... THEY DON'T NEED MY FLAME TO HELP THEM THIS TIME!
WHERE ARE YOU? UGH!
OH BOY! DIS IS POIFECT!
SOCKO!
WHILE JEFF AND KNUCKLES ATTEND TO OUR LAWLESS FRIENDS, I'LL JUST SEIZE THIS JEWEL AND THEN WE'LL MAKE OUR GET-AWAY!
BOY! DAT WAS NEAT! DEY'RE STILL FIGHTIN' EACH ODDER!
NOW TO GET BACK TO THE OTHERS!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
OH NO YOU HAVEN'T! I'VE GOT YOU!
OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL...
SAY, KIDS, DID YOU SEE THREE FRESH-LOOKIN' KIDS RUN BY HERE?
UH OH!
YEAH, DEY WENT DAT WAY!
THANKS!

I'LL GET 'EM NOW AN'... HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE WERE THE KIDS!
THEY FOOLED ME AGAIN!
ZIP
YOU READERS MUST THINK I'M AWFUL DUMB...
...SO DOES THE SARGE!
...AND MY WIFE, TOO!
NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!
WE'D BETTER HURRY!
I HOPE BUCKY GOT HIS JEWEL, TOO!
YOU FELLAS BETTER TAKE THE JEWEL BACK TO TOGO'S PLACE... I'LL ZIP OVER AND SEE IF BUCKY'S OKAY!
OK... TORO, BE CAREFUL!
BOY! THAT COMET GETS CLOSER EVERY SECOND! ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT!
MANY MINUTES AND MANY, MANY MILES LATER, TORO ZOOMS ABOVE GHOST CITY! HE HEARS THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE FROM ONE OF THE OLD WOODEN BUILDINGS BELOW!
SHOOTING! BUCKY MUST BE IN TROUBLE! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
SOCK!
CRASH!
BANG!
WITH A BLAZE OF SPEED, THE FIERY LAD KNIFES DOWN TOWARD THE BUILDING!

YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 4.
THE WORLD AT STAKE!
OBSERVATION POST No 2.

...AND FATE MUST SMILE GRIMLY AS SHE SEES A SIZZLING FIRE-BALL TOSSED AT THE KILLER WHO IS ABOUT TO SHOOT BUCKY IN THE BACK! TORO HAS ARRIVED ON TIME... JUST AS DAME FATE MUST HAVE PLANNED!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
G-GOLLY!
YEOW!
ANY GUY WHO'D SHOOT A FELLA IN THE BACK... I'LL FINISH YOU, RAT!
NO! DON'T! OHHHH!
SMACK!
...AND WITHOUT MY FLAME!
FELLAS! I'VE GOT THE JEWEL!
AND SO, THE OTHER GROUP OF YOUNG ALLIES, WITH TORO, LEAVES GHOST CITY AND SPEEDS TOWARDS THE HOME OF TOGO, THE JAPANESE FIEND! WHILE HIGH ABOVE, THE DEADLY COMET COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE EARTH!
NOW FOR TOGO!
YAHOO!
...AND FINALLY...
HERE WE ARE!
LOOK, KNUCKLES, THE JEWEL!
WE'VE GOT DE OTHER AND WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA! C'MON!

NOW WE SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH TOGO FOR GOOD! WHERE IS HE?
I HEARD SOMETHIN' DOWN DERE!
WE'LL GO AND LOOK... SHHH... THERE HE IS!
IS THAT YOU, ERIC? DID YOU SLAY THOSE BRATS?
THE BOYS SEE TOGO LURKING IN THE SHADOWS AHEAD!
G-GOSH! WHAT'LL WE DO HE HEARD US!
ANSWER HIM QUICK!
YEAH, TOGO, IT'S US, ERIC 'N' DE GUYS! EVERYTING'S O.K.!
GOOD! FOLLOW ME QUICK! WE ESCAPE BEFORE THE COMET STRIKES!
SO, WHAT CAN WE LOSE?
WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!
THIS WAY!
FOLLOWING THE UNSUSPECTING TOGO FROM THE HOUSE, THE VALIANT LADS SEE...... A MONSTER ROCKET SHIP! THE SHIP IN WHICH TOGO PLANS TO RETURN TO JAPAN BEFORE THE COMET STRIKES AT AMERICA!
G-GOLLY! LOOK!
HURRY! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

COME IN QUICK NOW AND... YI! WHAT IS THIS! YOU!
YES, US, YOU FIEND! THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!
GET HIM, GUYS!
BAH...MY ASBESTOS-LINED CLOAK WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! AND AS FOR THE OTHERS...!
MY FLAME! IT IS GOING OUT!
POW!
YIPE!
RIGHT BACK AT YOU, RAT!
NOW I'LL JUST GIVE DIS JAP JERK A TASTE OF SOME OF HIS OWN JIU-JITSU!
SCROWTCH! HONORABLE ANCESTORS AID ME! YEOW! HONORABLE ANCESTORS SEEM TO BE GIVING ME THE DOUBLE-CROSS! OOOF!
SOCK 'IM, BUCKY, I GOT 'IM!
BUT EVEN AS THE BATTLE RAGES, THE DEADLY COMET CAREENS MADLY TOWARDS A HELPLESS EARTH ON ITS HORRIBLE MISSION OF DESTRUCTION AND DOOM! ONLY SECONDS SEPERATE AMERICA FROM COMPLETE OBLIVION AND DISASTER!

NO MORE TIME FOR COMEDY, RAT!
CRACK!
SOCK!
SWEET DREAMS, HONORABLE SKUNK!
F-FELLAS... LOOK! WE IS TOO LATE, DE COMET, IT'S H-HEAH!
ONE CHANCE LEFT! I'LL TOSS THE TWO JEWELS IN... AND HOPE!

TOSSED BY BUCKY WITH UNERRING AIM, THE TWO JEWELS LAND IN THE ROOM NEAR THE STONE OF DOOM! AND IMMEDIATELY THEY GLOW LIKE LIVING THINGS AS THEY APPROACH THE DEADLY STONE!

AND PERHAPS EVEN FATE RELIZES THAT AMERICA IS NOT RIPE FOR DESTRUCTION SO LONG AS AMERICAN YOUTHS STILL POSSESS THE FLAME OF FREEDOM AND SPARK OF COURAGE AND DARING!

THE JEWELS... THEY'RE GOING TO CAUSE THE STONE TO EXPLODE! BUT IS IT ALL TOO LATE?

AND THEN, AN AWE-INSPIRING EXPLOSION SOUNDS OUT AS THE HIDEOUS STONE IS DESTROYED BY THE CHEMICAL ACTION OF THE TWO JEWELS! AND THE ROCKET SHIP, TOO, CAUGHT IN THE BLAST, BURSTS INTO FLAME!

BOOM
RUN! QUICK!

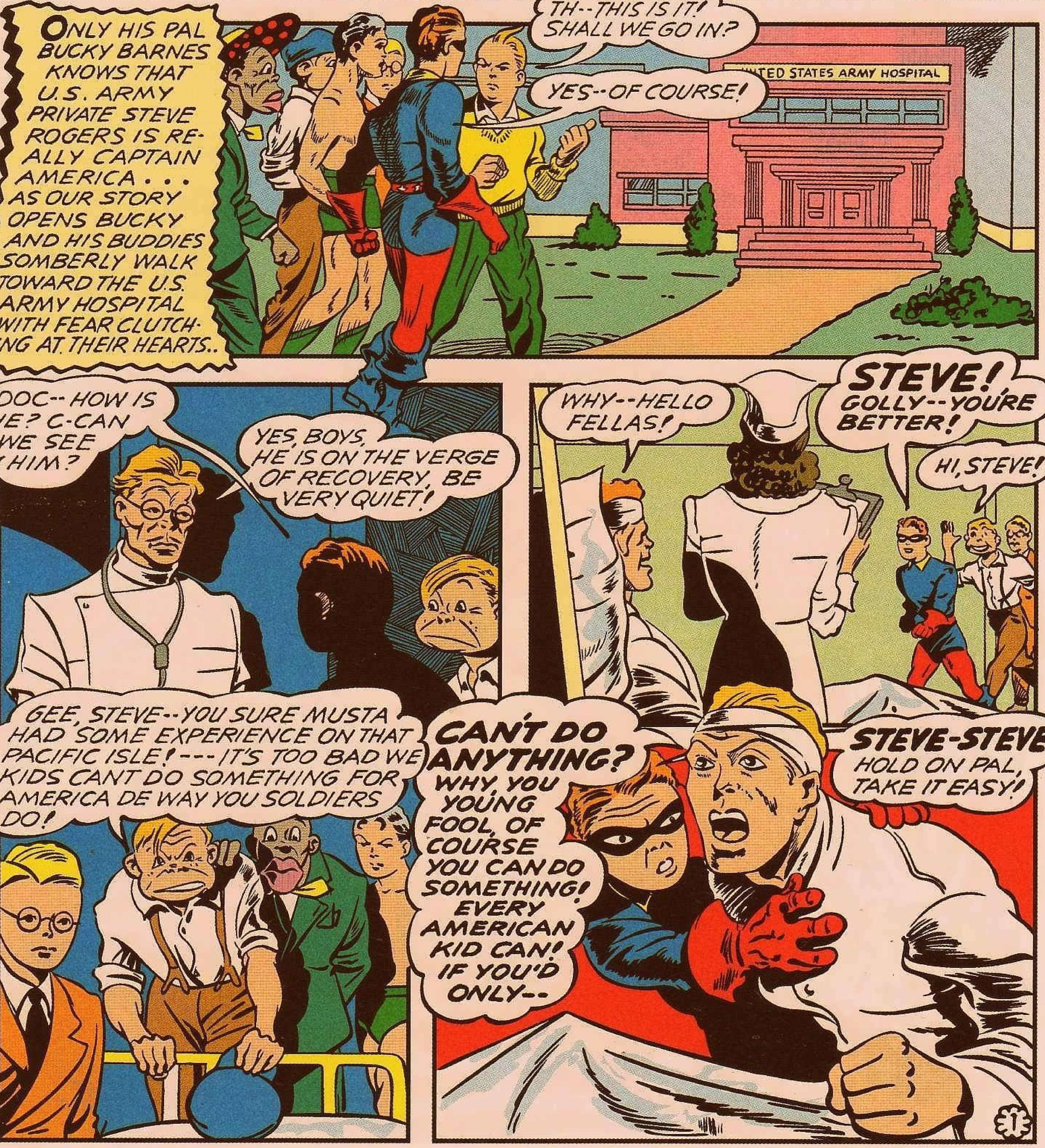
AT THAT MOMENT, THE COMET, FREED FROM THE UNNATURAL ATTRACTION OF THE STONE, CHANGES ITS COURSE AND PLUNGES INTO OUTER SPACE AGAIN!
AMERICA IS SAVED!
POINT OF EXPLOSION!
MY PLAN... IT HAS FAILED! MY ROCKET IS DESTROYED! AMERICA WILL SURELY WIN THE WAR! THERE IS BUT ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO....
BANG!
BUCKY... DIDJA HEAR DAT?
IT WAS A FATE HE DESERVED!
AND THRUOUT THE NATION. PEOPLE'S EYES ARE UPTURNED AND FOCUSSED TOWARDS THE HEAVENS, WHERE A SEEMING MIRACLE HAS COME TO PASS... THE COMET SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE EARTH! AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES, THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE SAVED THE DAY!
LOOK! IT'S ROCKETING AWAY!
WE'RE SAVED!
AND SO OUR YOUNG HEROES RETURN TO THEIR CLUBHOUSE WHERE THEY FIND TWO OLD FRIENDS WAITING...
THE CASE OF "THE COMET OF DOOM" IS A CLOSED CHAPTER NOW!
LOOK! CAPTAIN AMERICA AN' DE HUMAN TORCH!
HI, KIDS! WE JUST CAME TO TELL YOU THAT THE COMET HAS SURGED AWAY! WE WERE MIRACULOUSLY SAVED!
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT IT, YET?
YES, BUT WE WERE DEFINITELY UNINTERESTED IN THE COMET ANYWAY!
HO HUM, THAT'S LIFE!
WE NEVER WORRY ABOUT THINGS LIKE DAT! LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE, WE ALWAYS SAY!
THE END

HIZ'ONOR
by LOU PAIGE
KEY TO CITY
SPEECH
NOW TO MEMORIZE MY SPEECH FOR RE-ELECTION ~ "DEAR VOTERS-
?
"THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED -"
"THE PUBLIC WORKS WILL BE LIFTED TO A HIGHER LEVEL ~"
PLOP!
-I WILL LIQUIDATE THE~
SPLASH
WATER WORKS"~
TORPEDO 1000
-"RIDE OUR WAR EFFORTS TO A ~"
?
FINISH AND -"
"STEP HARD ON OUR-"
"CRIME WAVE-"
PLOP!
GREAT WORK, MAYOR~ YOU'RE A ONE MAN CRIME BUSTER~
-AND IF RE-ELECTED I WILL~
VOTE FOR HIZ'
AW SHUCKS! NOTHING EXCITING. ABOUT THIS SPEECH~ TOO DEAD ~ NO PEP~ I'LL HAVE TO RE-WRITE IT~
RIP

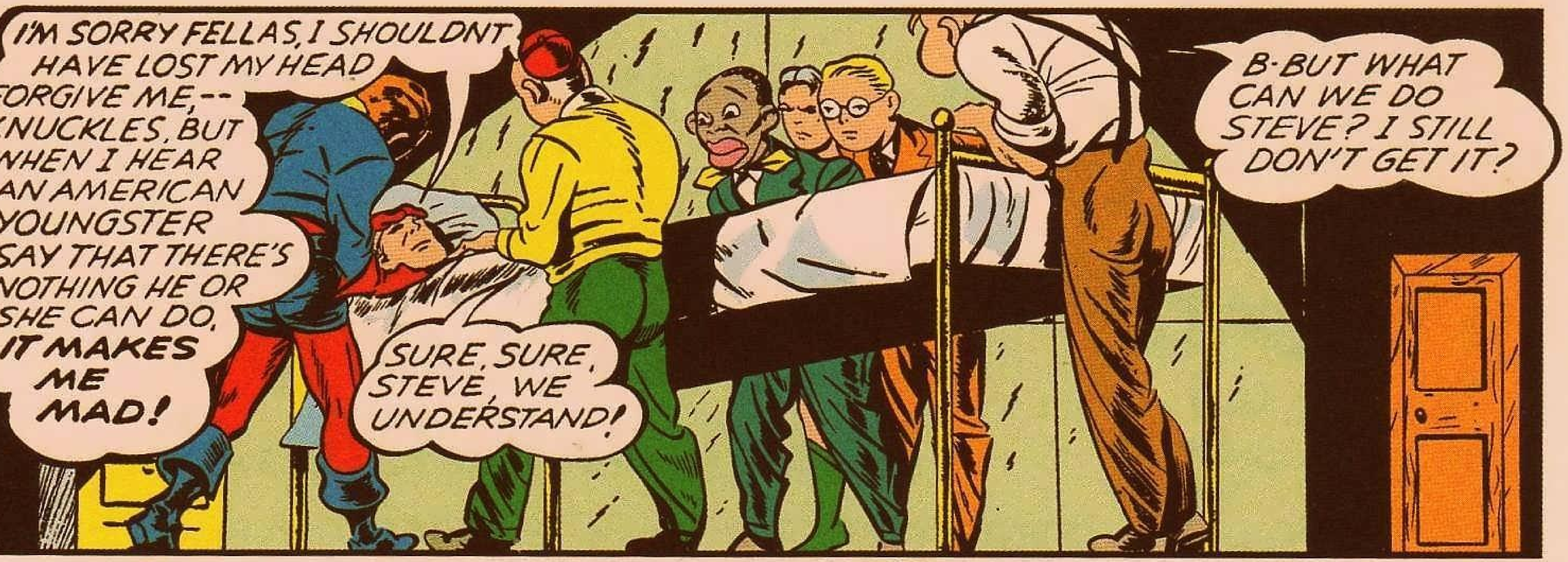
A YOUNG ALLIES EXTRA!

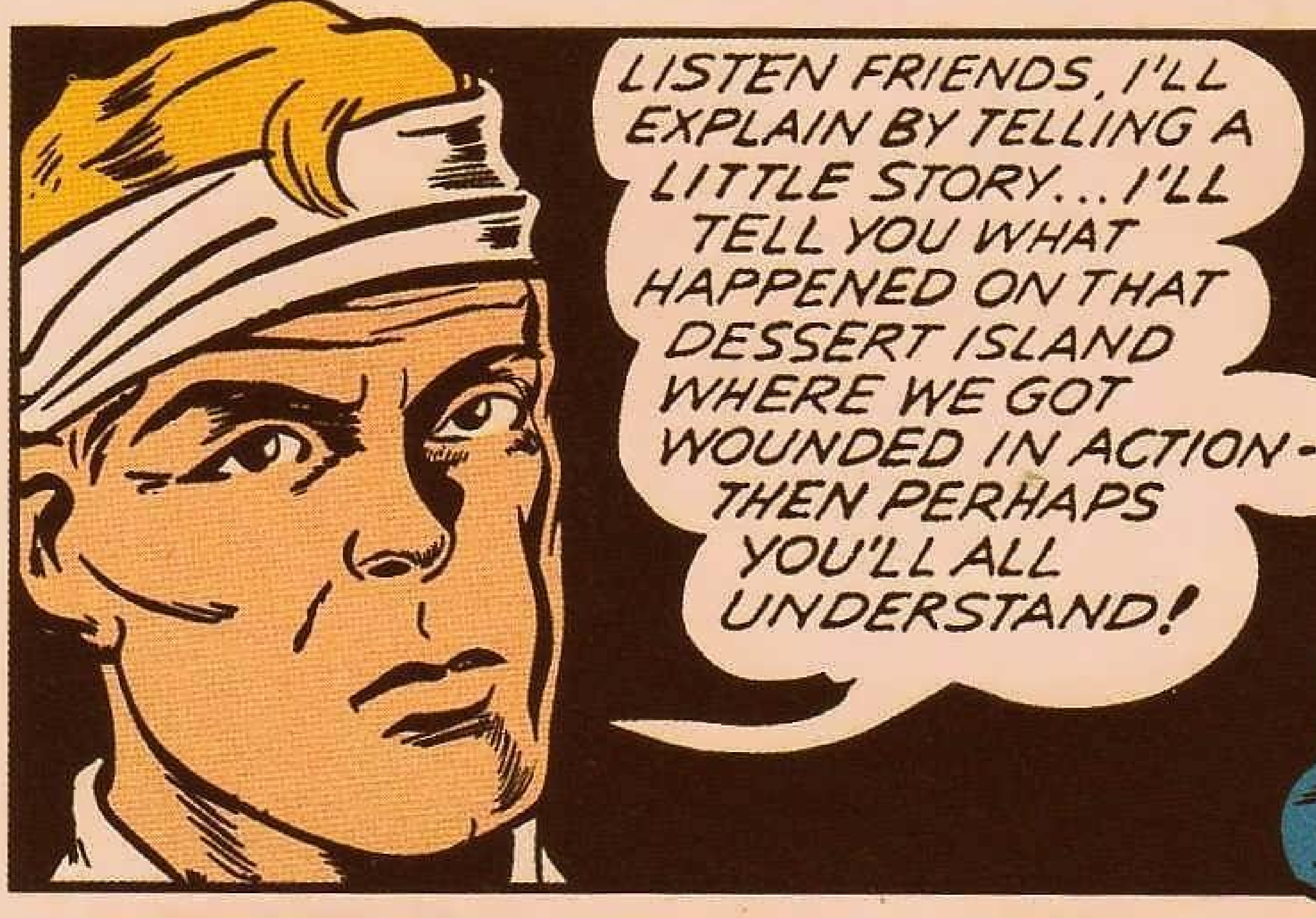
"The WEEK AFTER PEARL HARBOR..."

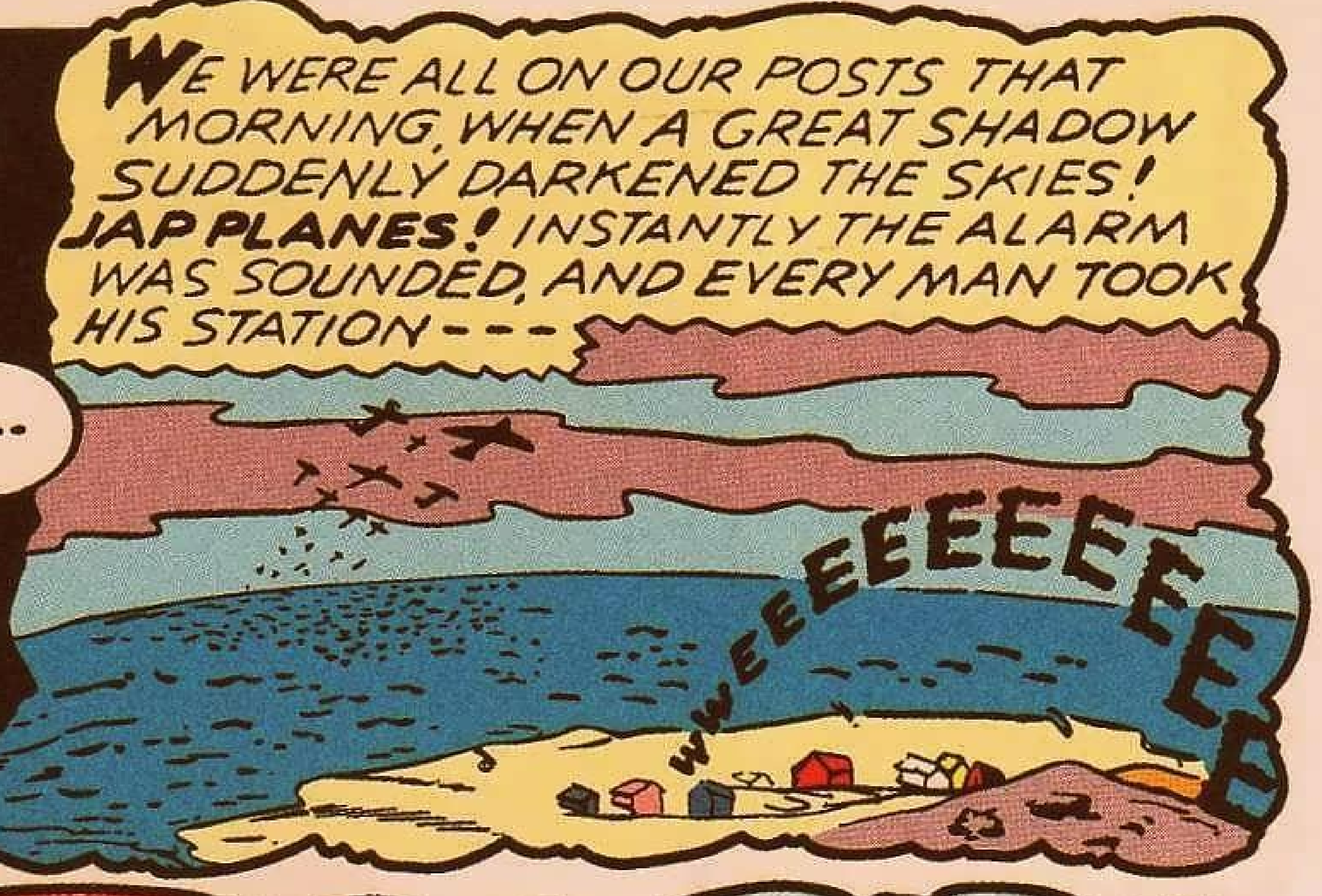
SCRIPT BY STAN LEE — — — ART BY DON RICO

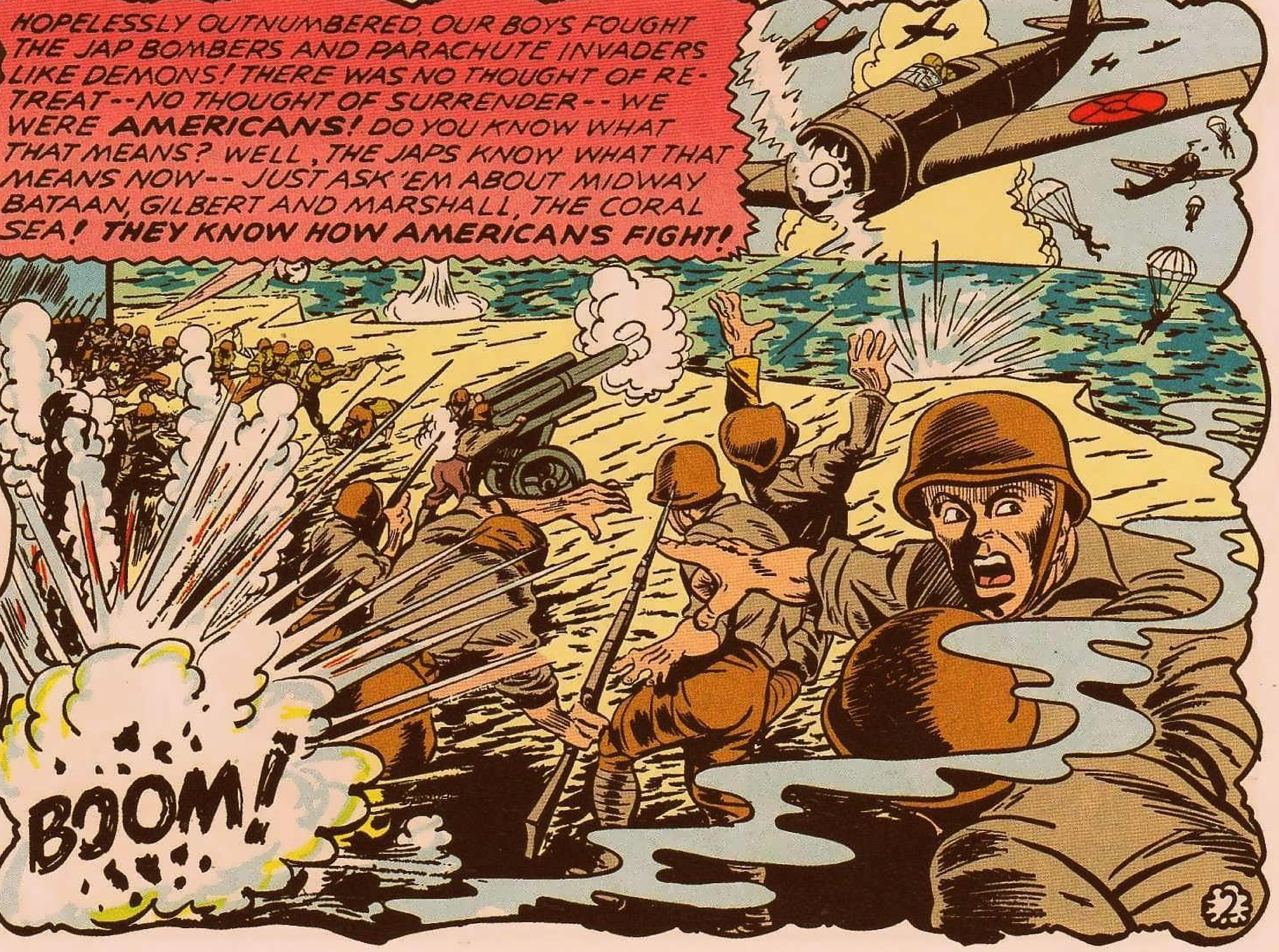


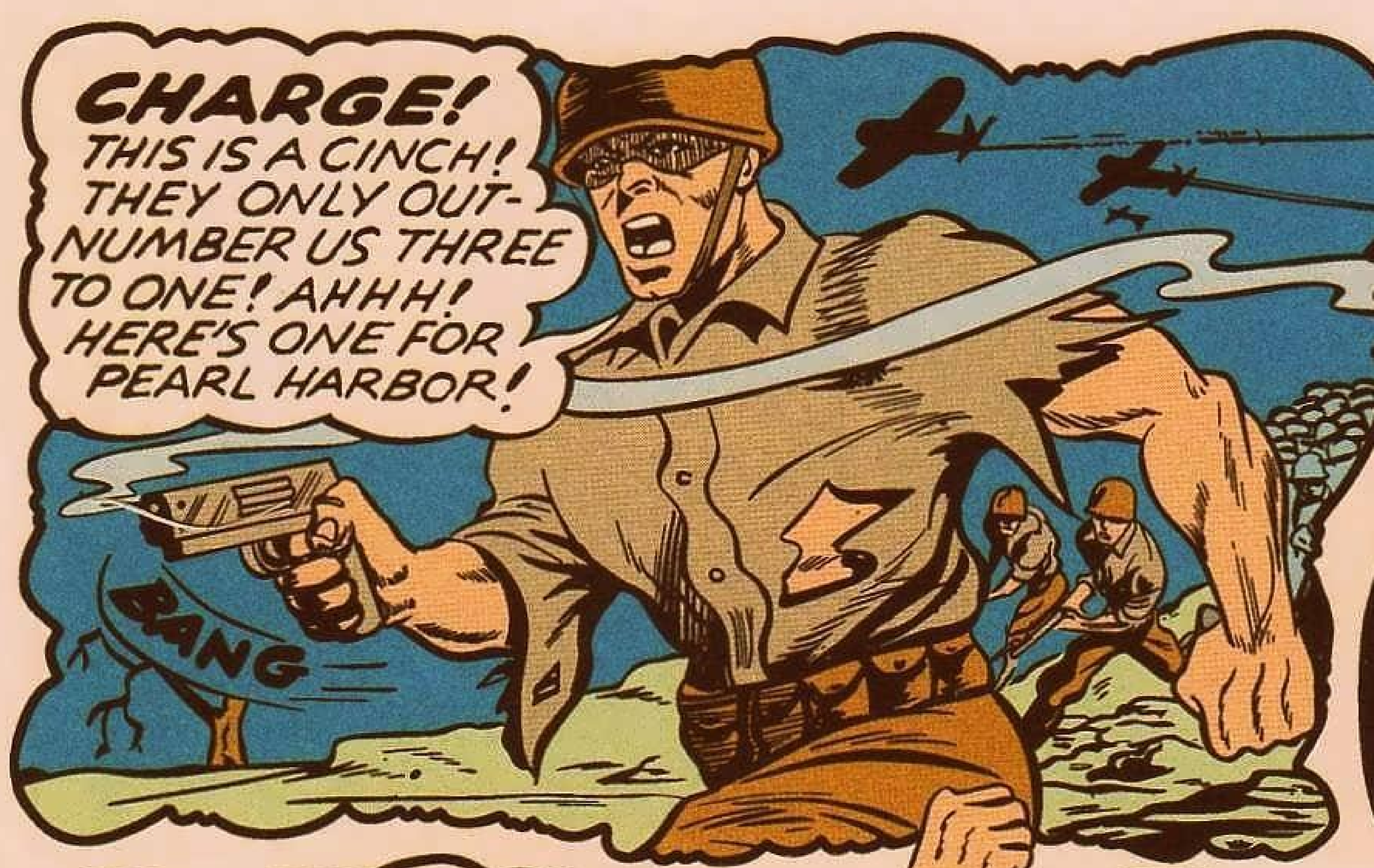
ONLY HIS PAL BUCKY BARNES KNOWS THAT U.S. ARMY PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS IS REALLY CAPTAIN AMERICA . . . AS OUR STORY OPENS BUCKY AND HIS BUDDIES SOMBERLY WALK TOWARD THE U.S. ARMY HOSPITAL WITH FEAR CLUTCHING AT THEIR HEARTS..
TH--THIS IS IT! SHALL WE GO IN?
YES--OF COURSE!
UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL
DOC--HOW IS HE? C-CAN WE SEE HIM?
YES, BOYS, HE IS ON THE VERGE OF RECOVERY. BE VERY QUIET!
WHY--HELLO FELLAS!
STEVE! GOLLY--YOU'RE BETTER!
HI, STEVE!
GEE, STEVE--YOU SURE MUSTA HAD SOME EXPERIENCE ON THAT PACIFIC ISLE!---IT'S TOO BAD WE KIDS CANT DO SOMETHING FOR AMERICA DE WAY YOU SOLDIERS DO!
CAN'T DO ANYTHING? WHY, YOU YOUNG FOOL, OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING! EVERY AMERICAN KID CAN! IF YOU'D ONLY--
STEVE-STEVE HOLD ON PAL, TAKE IT EASY!

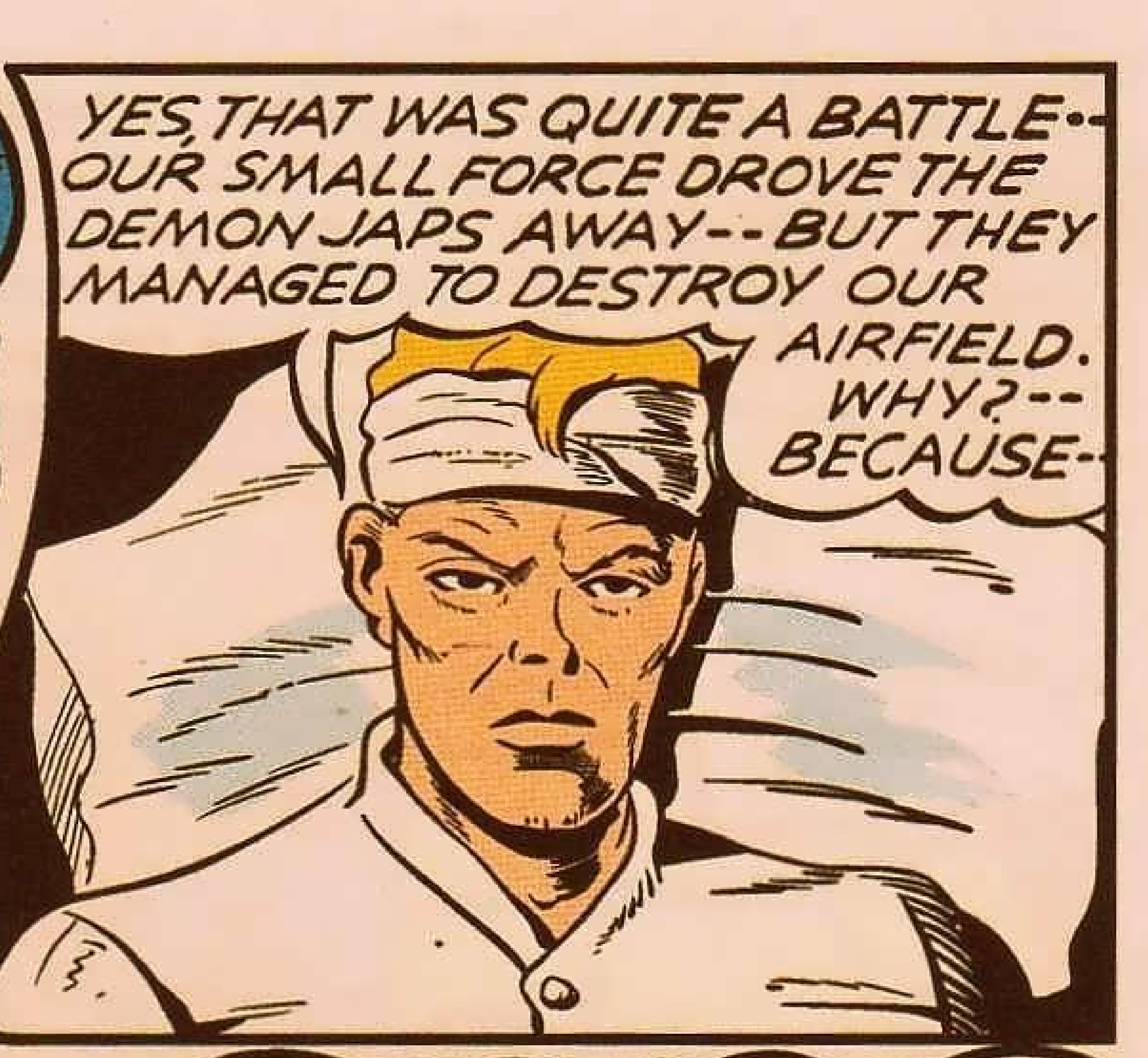

I'M SORRY FELLAS, I SHOULDNT HAVE LOST MY HEAD FORGIVE ME,-- KNUCKLES, BUT WHEN I HEAR AN AMERICAN YOUNGSTER SAY THAT THERE'S NOTHING HE OR SHE CAN DO, **IT MAKES ME MAD!**
SURE, SURE, STEVE, WE UNDERSTAND!
B-BUT WHAT CAN WE DO STEVE? I STILL DON'T GET IT?

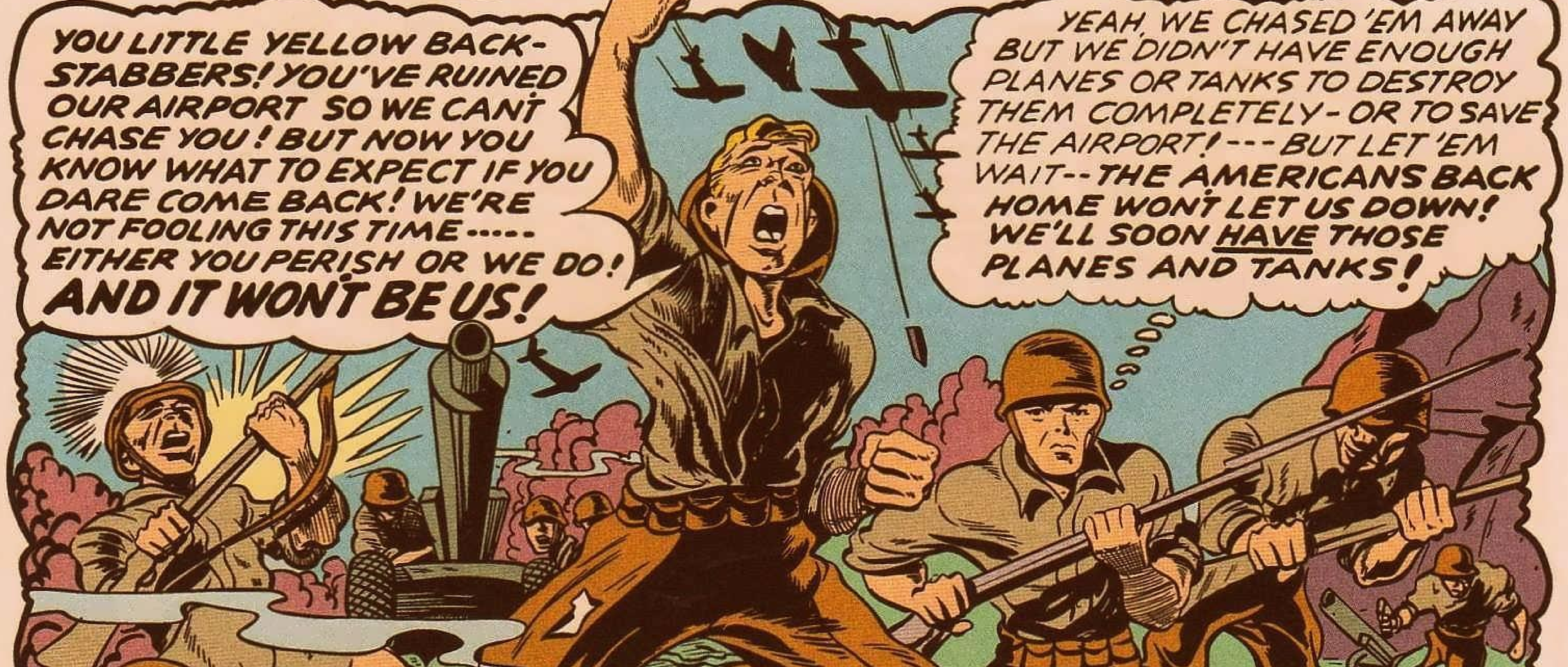

LISTEN FRIENDS, I'LL EXPLAIN BY TELLING A LITTLE STORY... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT DESSERT ISLAND WHERE WE GOT WOUNDED IN ACTION-- THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL ALL UNDERSTAND!

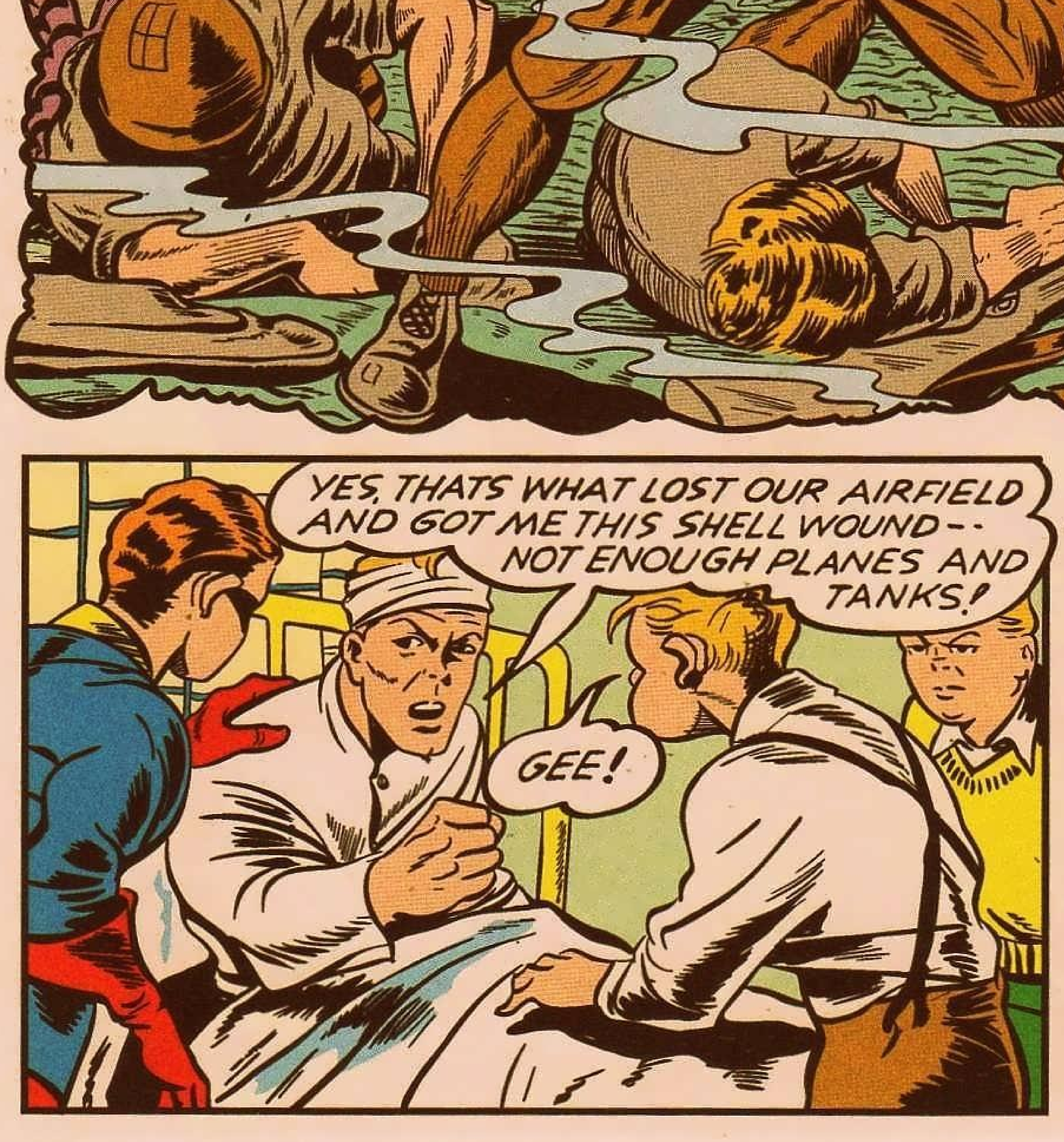

WE WERE ALL ON OUR POSTS THAT MORNING, WHEN A GREAT SHADOW SUDDENLY DARKENED THE SKIES! **JAP PLANES!** INSTANTLY THE ALARM WAS SOUNDED, AND EVERY MAN TOOK HIS STATION---
WWEEEEEEEEEEEE

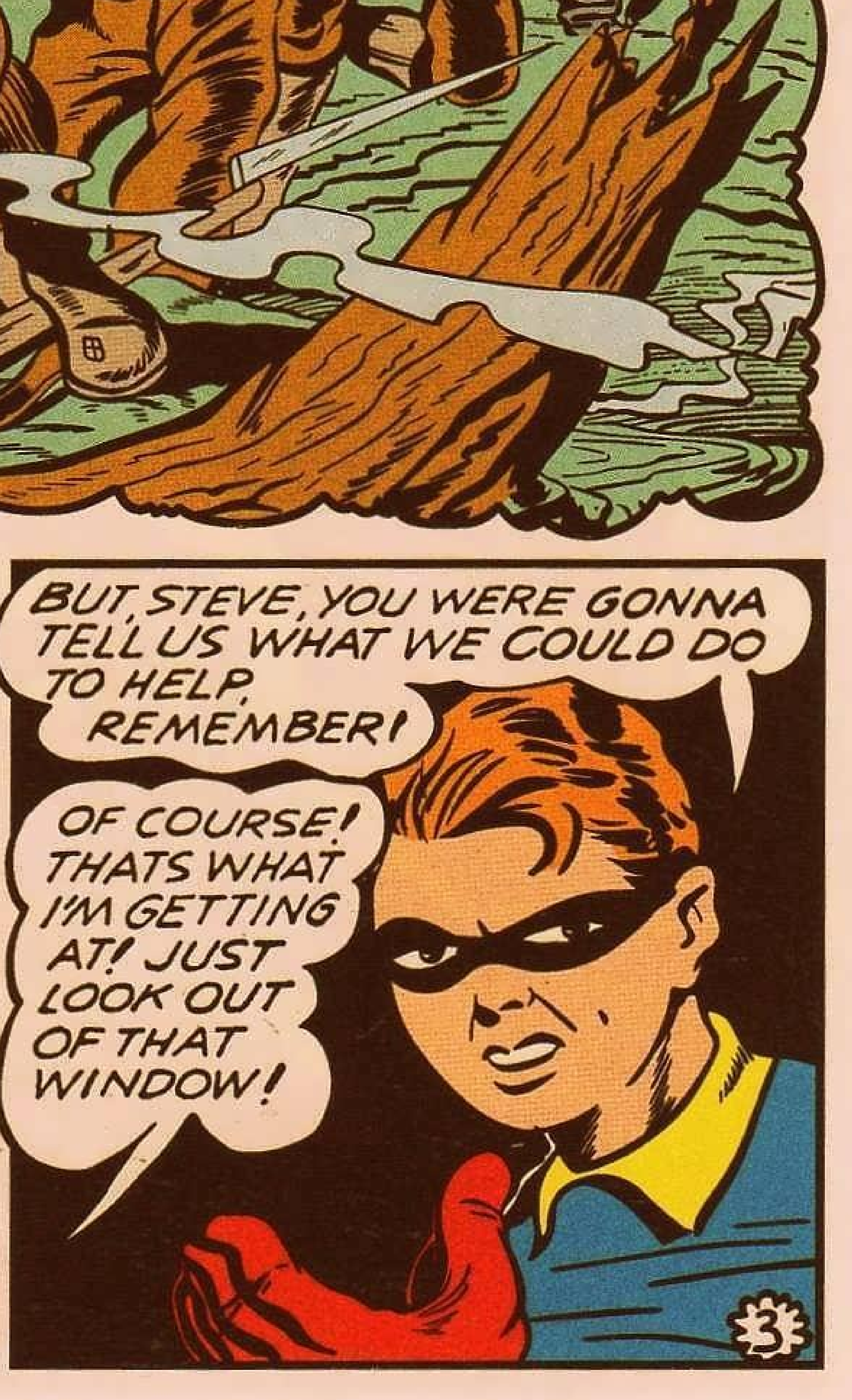

HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, OUR BOYS FOUGHT THE JAP BOMBERS AND PARACHUTE INVADERS LIKE DEMONS! THERE WAS NO THOUGHT OF RETREAT--NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER-- WE WERE **AMERICANS!** DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? WELL, THE JAPS KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS NOW-- JUST ASK 'EM ABOUT MIDWAY BATAAN, GILBERT AND MARSHALL, THE CORAL SEA! **THEY KNOW HOW AMERICANS FIGHT!**
BOOM!


CHARGE! THIS IS A CINCH! THEY ONLY OUT-NUMBER US THREE TO ONE! AHHH! HERE'S ONE FOR PEARL HARBOR!
BANG

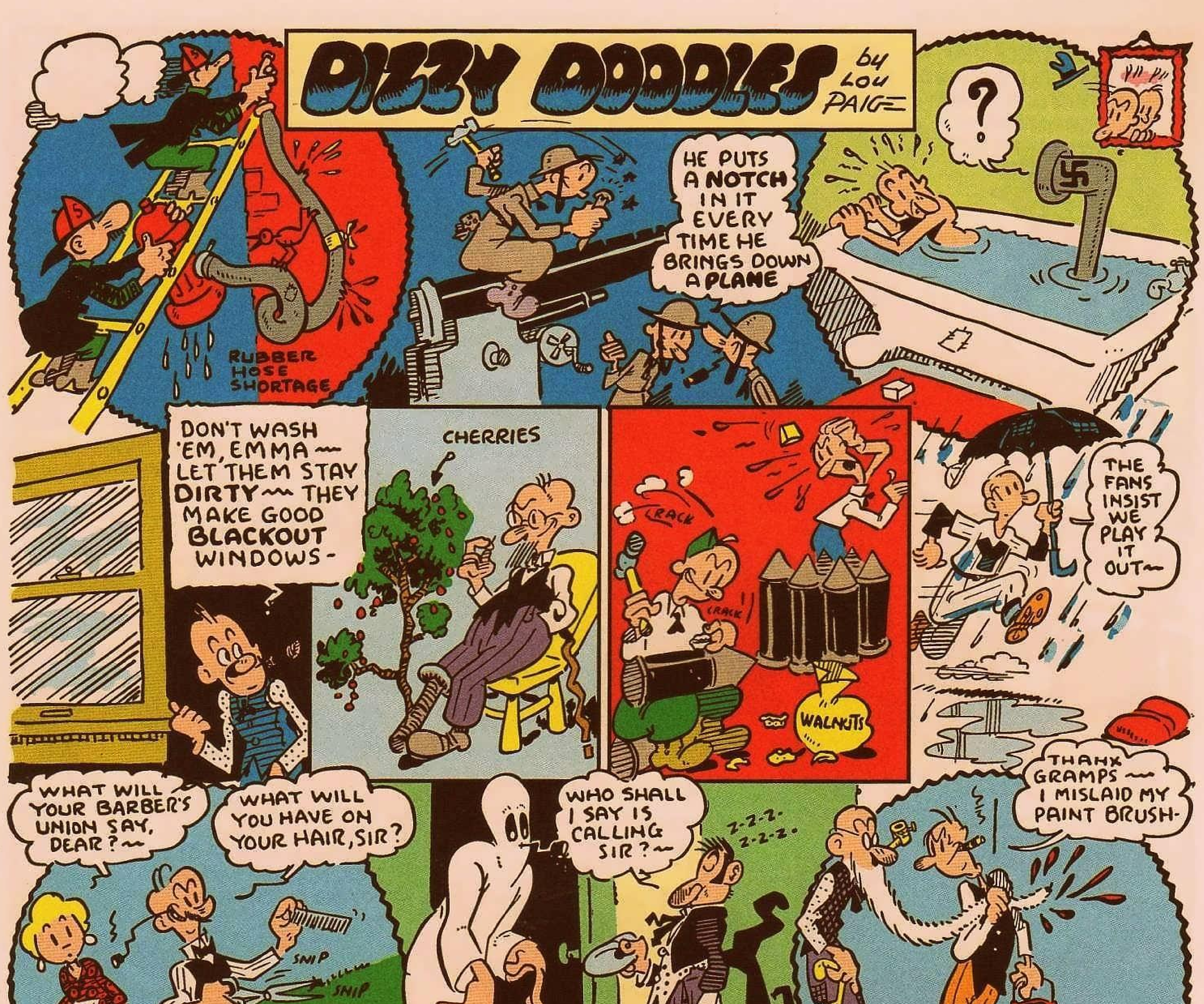

YES, THAT WAS QUITE A BATTLE-- OUR SMALL FORCE DROVE THE DEMON JAPS AWAY--BUT THEY MANAGED TO DESTROY OUR AIRFIELD. WHY?-- BECAUSE--

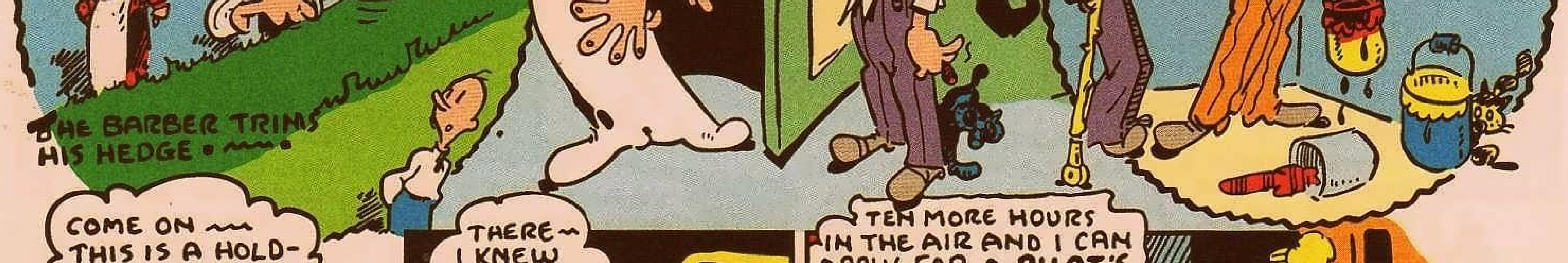

YOU LITTLE YELLOW BACK-STABBERS! YOU'VE RUINED OUR AIRPORT SO WE CAN'T CHASE YOU! BUT NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT IF YOU DARE COME BACK! WE'RE NOT FOOLING THIS TIME----- EITHER YOU PERISH OR WE DO! **AND IT WON'T BE US!**
YEAH, WE CHASED 'EM AWAY BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PLANES OR TANKS TO DESTROY THEM COMPLETELY - OR TO SAVE THE AIRPORT! --- BUT LET 'EM WAIT-- **THE AMERICANS BACK HOME WON'T LET US DOWN! WE'LL SOON HAVE THOSE PLANES AND TANKS!**


YES, THATS WHAT LOST OUR AIRFIELD AND GOT ME THIS SHELL WOUND-- NOT ENOUGH PLANES AND TANKS!
GEE!


BUT, STEVE, YOU WERE GONNA TELL US WHAT WE COULD DO TO HELP, REMEMBER!
OF COURSE! THATS WHAT I'M GETTING AT! JUST LOOK OUT OF THAT WINDOW!

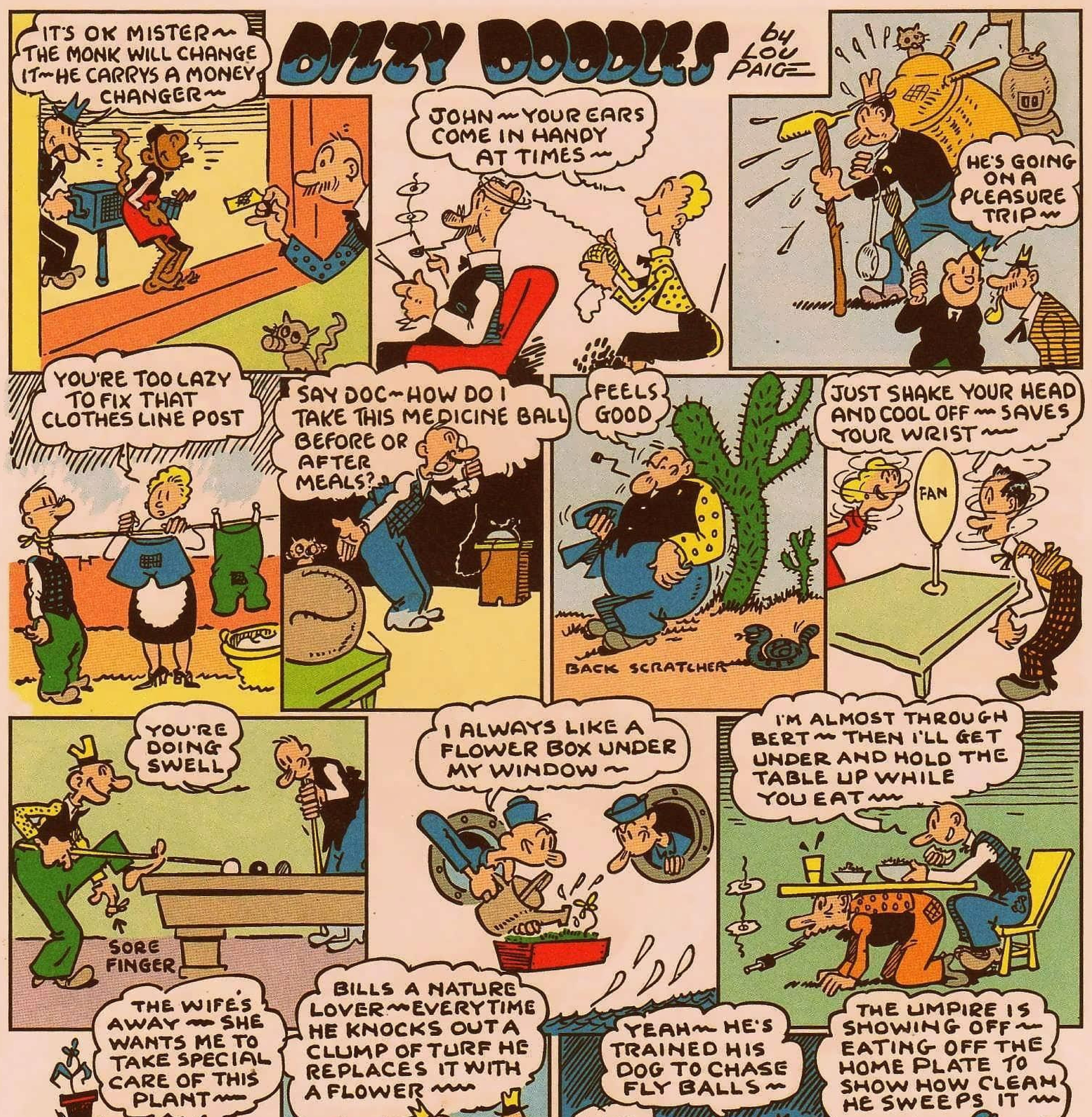
ALL AROUND US ARE THESE SIGNS! IMPORTANT? THEY AREN'T JUST AMUSING THINGS FOR YOU TO READ -- THEY MEAN A LOT TO EVERY GUY IN UNIFORM FROM ALASKA TO AUSTRALIA!
BUY WAR BONDS
BE A CHAMP BUY A STAMP
Do Your Part BUY WAR BONDS
Buy FOR YOUR SECURITY WAR STAMPS
Invest in your FUTURE ... BUY BONDS
STEVE -- I -- I -- THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! WE KIDS CAN'T ACTUALLY FIGHT YET, SO THE NEXT MOST IMPORTANT THING IS FOR US TO BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS BECAUSE --
BECAUSE, BUCKY, EACH STAMP YOU BUY IS PART OF A PLANE, A TANK, OR A SHIP! EACH STAMP GIVES TO THOSE BRAVE BOYS OF OURS MORE WEAPONS TO FIGHT WITH!
THE WAR STAMPS THAT YOU AMERICAN KIDS BUY MEAN THAT OUR FIGHTING MEN NEVER AGAIN WILL BE WITHOUT WEAPONS TO DRIVE THE ENEMY FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! THEY MEAN REVENGE -- THEY MEAN JUSTICE -- THEY MEAN PLANES TANKS, SHIPS, GUNS ---
WAR STAMPS
WAR STAMPS MEAN VICTORY!
BOOM!


DIZZY DOODLES
by LOU PAIGE
RUBBER HOSE SHORTAGE
HE PUTS A NOTCH IN IT EVERY TIME HE BRINGS DOWN A PLANE
?
DON'T WASH 'EM, EMMA — LET THEM STAY DIRTY — THEY MAKE GOOD BLACKOUT WINDOWS-
CHERRIES
CRACK
CRACK
WALNUTS
THE FANS INSIST WE PLAY IT OUT~
WHAT WILL YOUR BARBER'S UNION SAY, DEAR?~
WHAT WILL YOU HAVE ON YOUR HAIR, SIR?
SNIP
SNIP
THE BARBER TRIMS HIS HEDGE.
WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING SIR?~
Z-Z-Z. Z-Z-Z.
THANX GRAMPS — I MISLAID MY PAINT BRUSH-
COME ON — THIS IS A HOLD-UP — PUT ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE IN THE BANK IN MY ACCOUNT~
SAMPLE!
THERE~ I KNEW I'D FIND IT.
COLLAR BUTTON
TEN MORE HOURS IN THE AIR AND I CAN APPLY FOR A PILOT'S LICENSE.

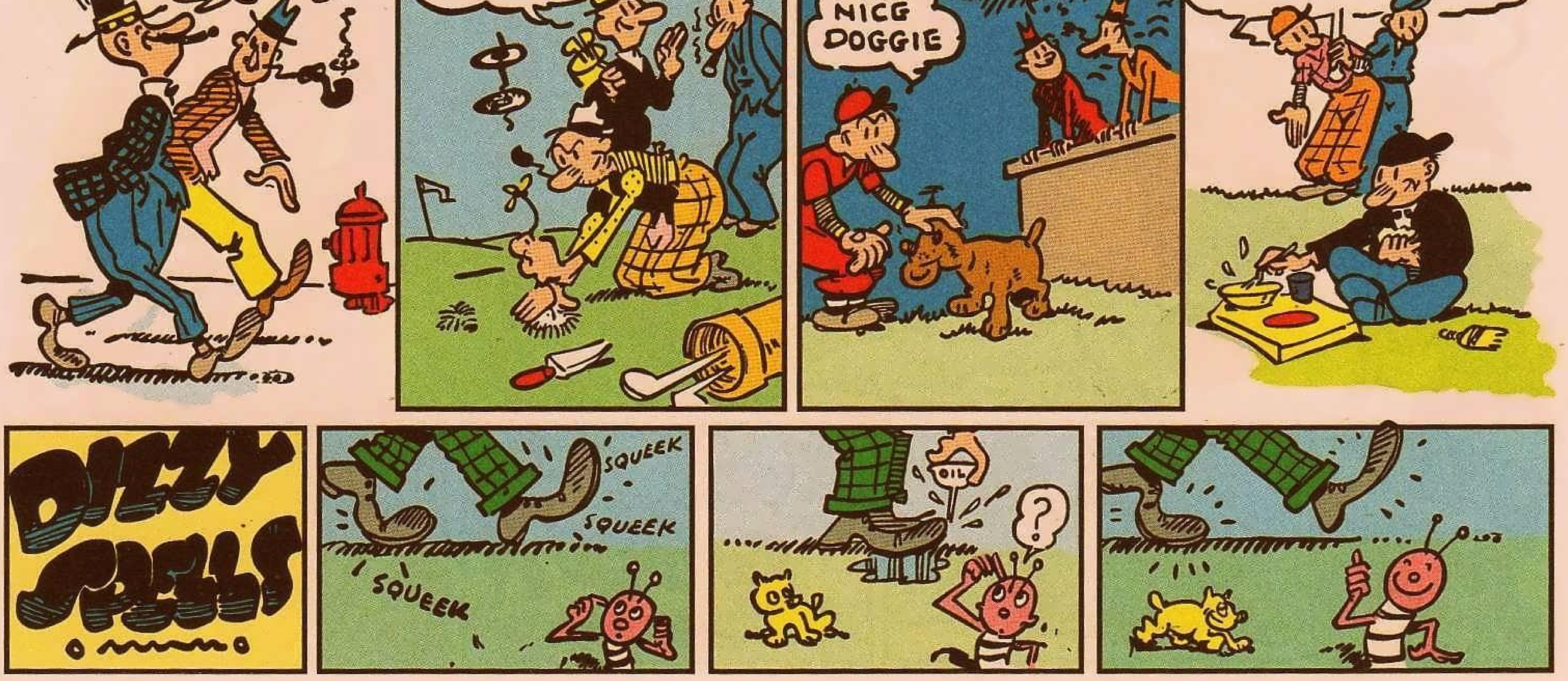

DIZZY SPELLS
THAT'S ENUFF SHADOW BOXING FOR TONIGHT
POST NO BILLS
OUCH!!

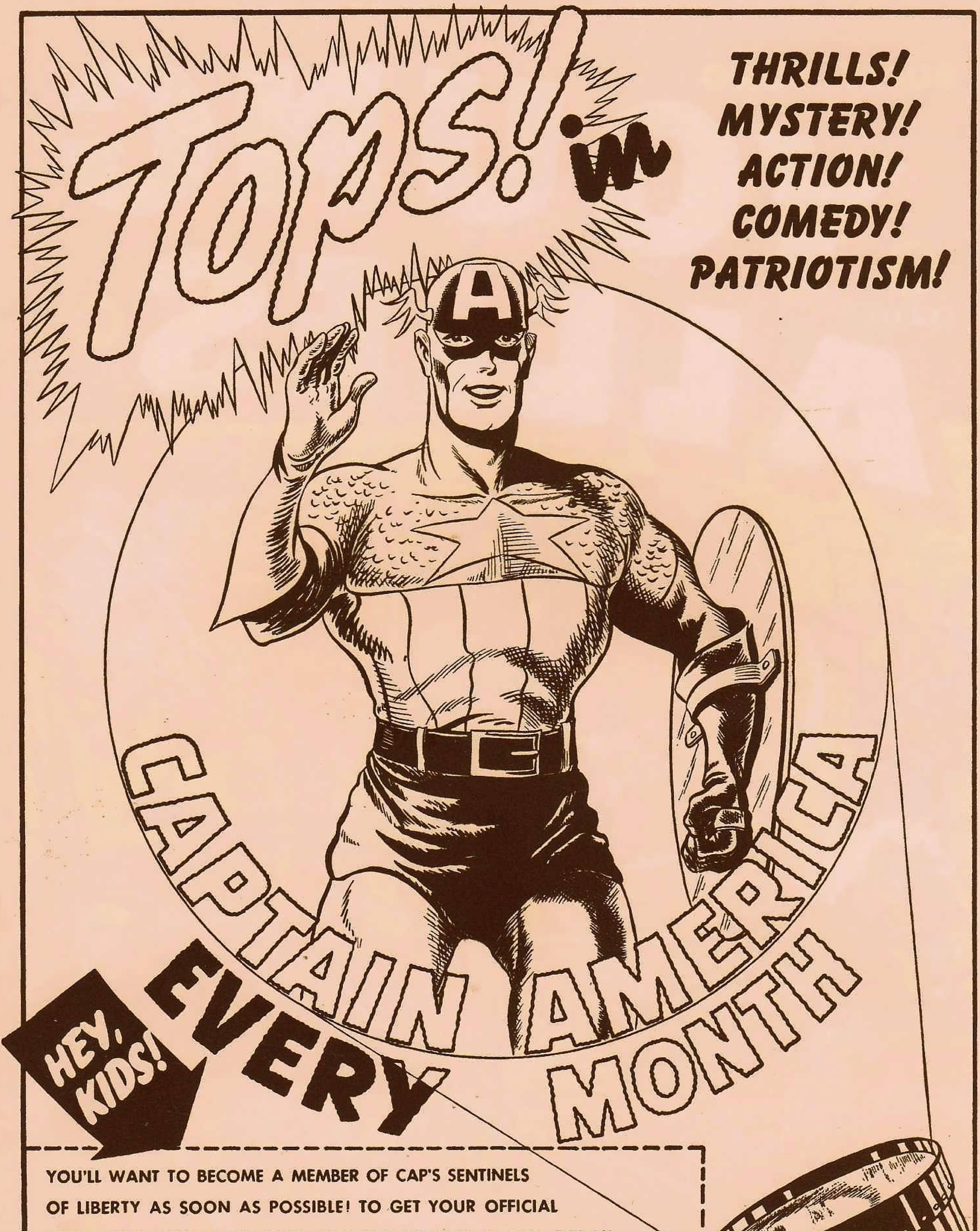
DIZZY DOODLES

by LOU PAIGE


IT'S OK MISTER~ THE MONK WILL CHANGE IT~HE CARRYS A MONEY CHANGER~
JOHN~YOUR EARS COME IN HANDY AT TIMES~
HE'S GOING ON A PLEASURE TRIP~
YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO FIX THAT CLOTHES LINE POST
SAY DOC~HOW DO I TAKE THIS MEDICINE BALL BEFORE OR AFTER MEALS?
FEELS GOOD
BACK SCRATCHER
JUST SHAKE YOUR HEAD AND COOL OFF~SAVES YOUR WRIST~
FAN
YOU'RE DOING SWELL
SORE FINGER
I ALWAYS LIKE A FLOWER BOX UNDER MY WINDOW~
I'M ALMOST THROUGH BERT~THEN I'LL GET UNDER AND HOLD THE TABLE UP WHILE YOU EAT~
THE WIFE'S AWAY~SHE WANTS ME TO TAKE SPECIAL CARE OF THIS PLANT~
BILLS A NATURE LOVER~EVERYTIME HE KNOCKS OUT A CLUMP OF TURF HE REPLACES IT WITH A FLOWER~
YEAH~HE'S TRAINED HIS DOG TO CHASE FLY BALLS~
NICE DOGGIE
THE UMPIRE IS SHOWING OFF~EATING OFF THE HOME PLATE TO SHOW HOW CLEAN HE SWEEPS IT~

DIZZY SPELLS


SQUEEK
SQUEEK
SQUEEK
OIL
?


TOPS! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY
MONTH
LEE
KING

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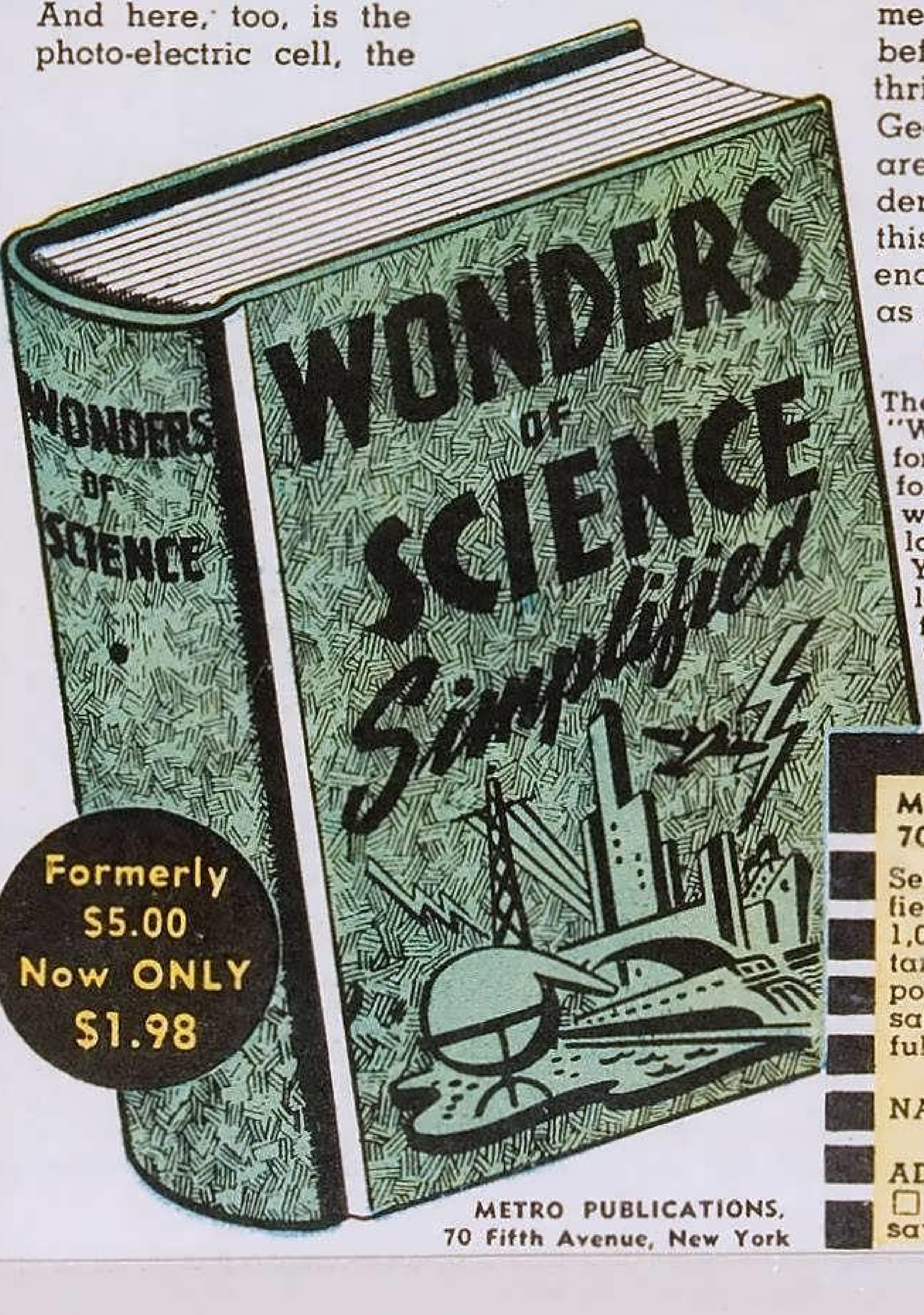

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